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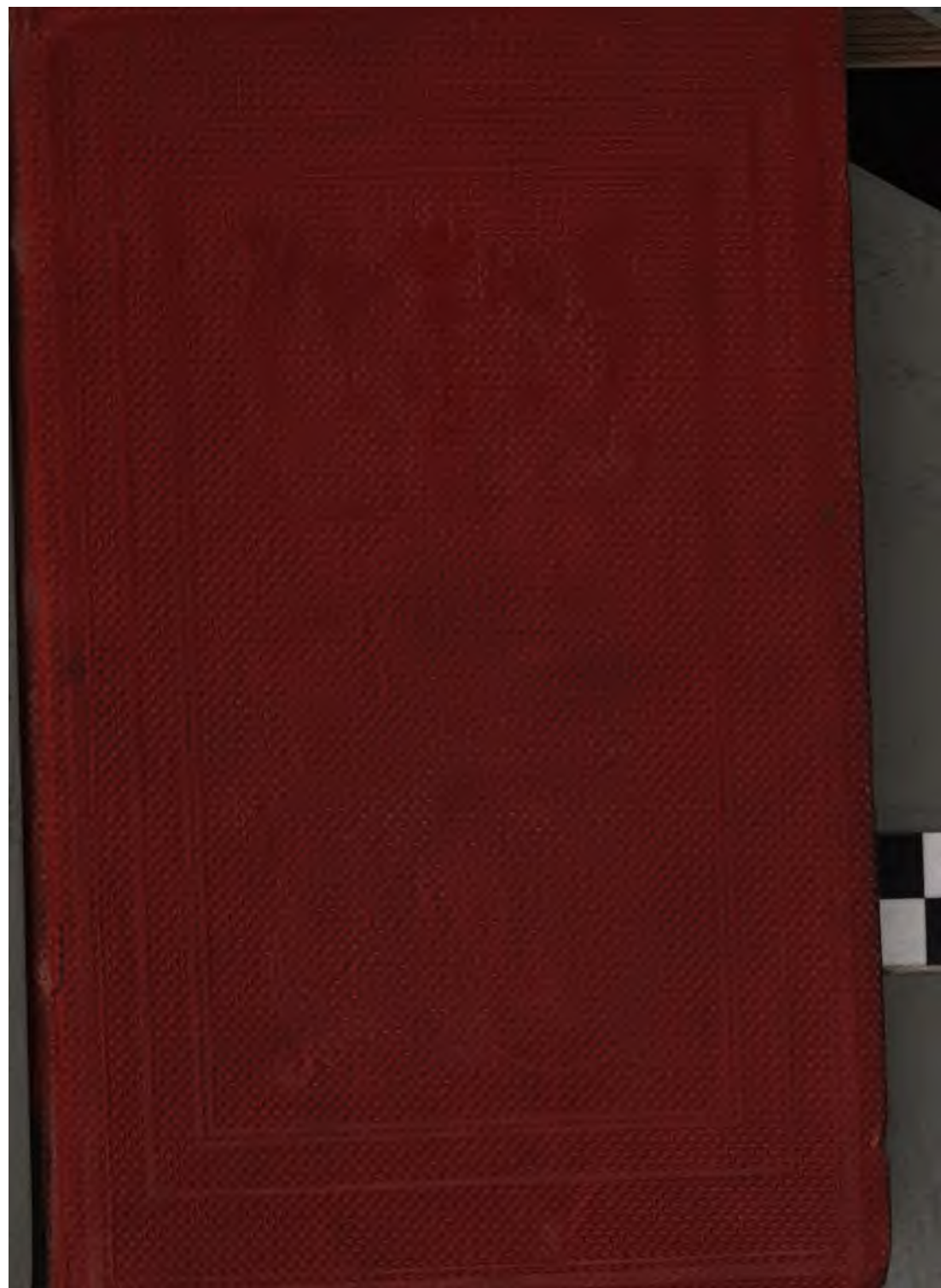
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Xit on Pacolet's Horse.

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# CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

BY JAMES H. COHEN

## CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

BY JAMES H. COHEN

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILL.

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THE  
CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY  
WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Illustrated by John Gilbert.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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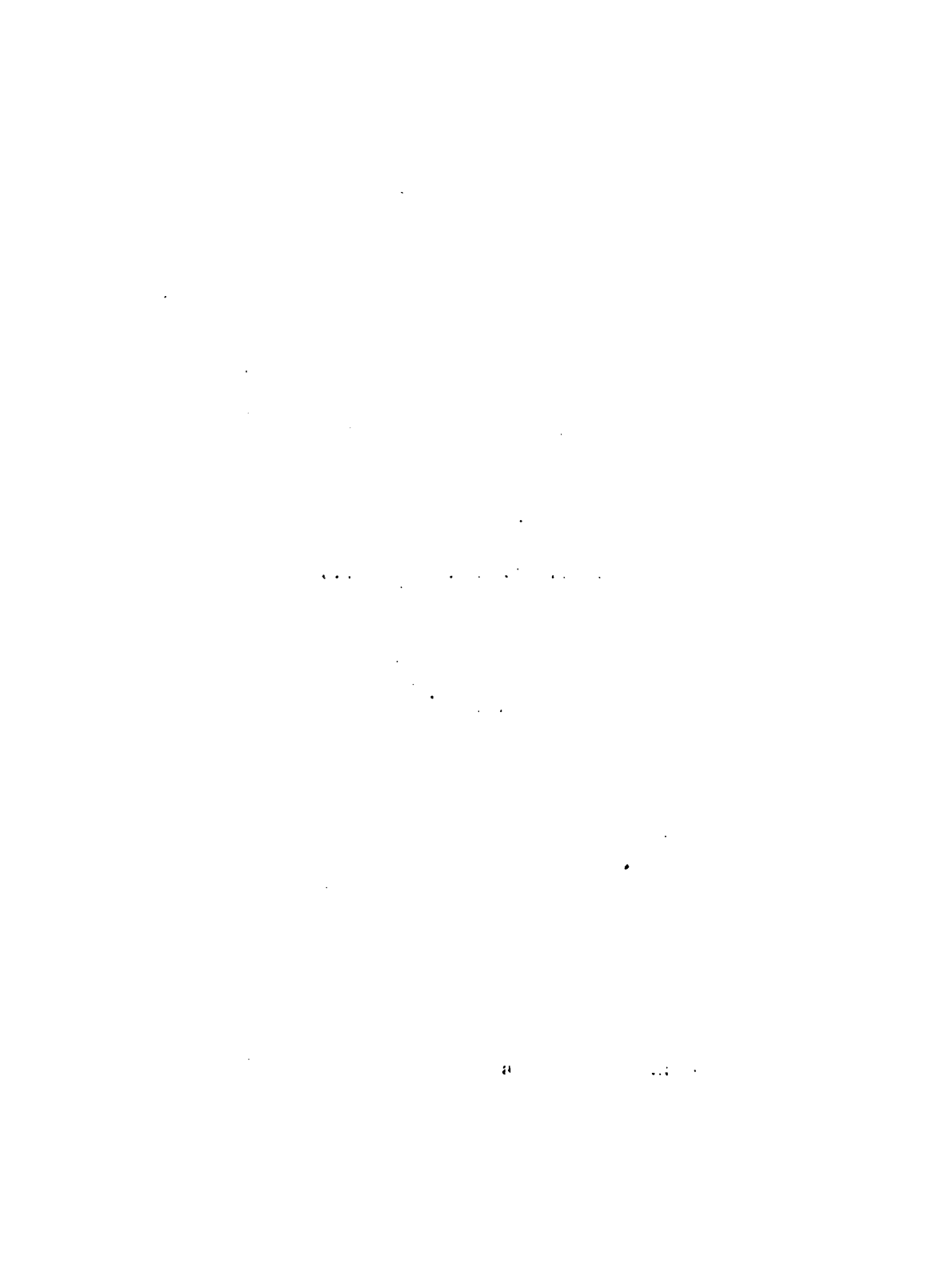




THE  
Constable of the Tower.

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BOOK II.  
(CONTINUED.)



## IX.

IN WHAT MANNER MAUGER, THE HEADSMAN, FORETOLD  
THAT CERTAIN LORDS SHOULD DIE BY HIS HAND.

ON reaching the wide, deep archway of the Bloody Tower, then secured at either end by strong gates and a ponderous portcullis, the royal party came to a halt, and a few moments were occupied by Edward in examining the beautiful groining and tracery of the vaulted roof. His curiosity satisfied in this respect, the young monarch was conducted by Sir John Gage to a postern on the east side of the gateway, which led to a small gloomy stone chamber, or rather

vault, wherein, according to tradition, the victims of the ruthless Gloucester's cruelty were interred.

The Constable would fain have dissuaded the young king from entering this dismal vault, and the gate-porter who was with them appeared extremely reluctant to show it, but Edward had set his mind upon seeing the place, and was resolved to go in. There was nothing in the appearance of the chamber to reward the young monarch's curiosity. It was built of stone with a ribbed ceiling, and looked confined and gloomy, being imperfectly lighted by two narrow grated embrasures. But it had a very strange occupant, and, on beholding him, Edward at once comprehended why admittance had not been more readily accorded him.

The aspect and demeanour of this personage were savage and repulsive, and even the king's presence did not seem to inspire him with much awe, though he rose on Edward's appearance, and

made a clumsy attempt at an obeisance. The upper part of his frame was strongly, though not stoutly built, the arms being remarkably muscular, but his lower limbs were less powerful, and he seemed to be halt of the right leg. His physiognomy was singularly repulsive, the nose being broad and flat, and the eyes fierce and bloodshot; the forehead bald, and the hue of the skin dull and earthy. His cheeks were clothed with a shaggy black beard, and the sable locks left on either side of his head were wild and unkempt. His habiliments were of red serge, but above his doublet he wore a leathern jerkin, which was sullied with dark stains, as if of gore. On his right hip he carried a broad two-edged knife, protected by a sheath. But the implement that proclaimed his revolting office, was an executioner's axe. This he had not the grace to lay aside, but continued to lean upon it while standing before the king. Another axe, similar in size and form, was reared against the wall, and near it stood a two-handed

sword, sometimes, though but rarely, employed in capital punishments. When the headsman arose, it instantly became apparent that the seat he had occupied was the block—and, moreover, that it was a block which had been frequently used.

While Edward gazed at the executioner with feelings of mingled horror and loathing, he bethought him of the Lady Jane Grey's description of the hideous caitiff, and recognised its justice. At the same time, Sir John Gage sharply rebuked the porter for allowing his majesty to be offended by such a sight.

"Nay, the fault was mine own, good Sir John," interposed Edward; "the man tried to hinder me, but I would come in. Is it sooth that the two hapless princes were buried here?"

"Here where I stand, sire," replied Mauger, striking the floor with his heel. "Their tender bodies were laid i' the earth beneath this stone."

"Hold thy peace, fellow, unless his grace address thee," cried the Constable, angrily.

"Nay, I meant no offence," growled the headsmen; "his majesty's royal father was wont to talk to me, and I thought I might do the same with King Harry's royal offspring. I once gave his late majesty a proof of my power which greatly amazed him, and I will do as much for his present highness if it shall please him to command me."

"Again I bid thee hold thy peace," said the Constable, sternly. "Hath your grace seen enough of this dismal chamber?"

"Ay; but, before quitting it, I would fain know what proof of power the varlet proposed to display to me," rejoined Edward, whose curiosity was awakened.

"Some juggling trick, most likely, your highness," said Gage.

"Not so, Sir John," rejoined Manger. "I am no soothsayer, but long practice hath given me a certain skill, and I can tell by a man's looks if he be to die by my hand."



Edward looked surprised, and glanced at the Constable, who shook his head sceptically.

"Will it please your majesty to put me to the test?" demanded Mauger. "But I must be permitted to speak freely and without respect to persons, else I dare not do it."

"Are there any here willing to submit to the ordeal?" inquired Edward, turning to his attendants, all of whom had entered the chamber.

Several voices replied in the affirmative.

"I am to be free from all consequences if I proclaim the truth?" pursued Mauger.

"Thou hast my royal word for it," replied Edward.

"Then let any one who will advance, place his foot upon the block, and look at me steadily," rejoined Mauger.

"I will go first, having neither fear nor faith," said the Constable. And he did as Mauger had directed.

After looking fixedly at him for a moment, the

executioner observed with a grim smile, "Your head will never be mine, Sir John."

"I never deemed it would, thou fell hound," replied the Constable, turning away.

"I will make the next essay," said Sir Thomas Seymour, stepping lightly forward, and placing his foot gracefully upon the block.

The headsman fixed his eyes upon him keenly for a moment, and then struck the flag with his axe.

A hollow and ominous sound was returned by the stone, as if the repose of the dead had been disturbed.

"That signifies that thou art to handle me on the scaffold, thou vile caitiff—ha?" cried Seymour, with a contemptuous laugh. "My nerves are unshaken. Does your highness hesitate?" he added to the Lord Protector.

"Not I, forsooth," rejoined Hertford, taking his place. "I have no more misgiving than yourself."

"Desist, I pray your highness. I like it not," cried Edward.

"Nay, I must needs disobey your grace, or my brother will say I am afraid," returned Hertford.

"That shall I, and think so too," cried Seymour.

"I pray your highness look me straight in the face," said Mauger.

And as the Lord Protector complied, he again struck the stone with his axe, occasioning the same hollow resonance as before.

"Soh ! your highness is likewise doomed !" exclaimed Sir Thomas Seymour, with a laugh.

"It would appear so," rejoined Hertford, with a forced smile.

"Let us see what my destiny will be," said Lord Lisle, advancing.

And, setting his foot on the block, he gazed with exceeding sternness at the headsman, hoping to terrify him. Mauger, however, did not quail

before the look, but, after a brief scrutiny of the other's countenance, again smote the stone with his fatal axe.

This time the sound proceeding from the flag was deeper and more awful than on the previous occasions.

"The knave ought to pay for his insolence with his ears," cried Sir John Gage, angrily.

"I have his majesty's word that I am to go scot-free," rejoined Mauger. "I cannot alter the decrees of fate, and am no more responsible for what may ensue than the senseless weapon I strike withal. But I do grieve sometimes; and it saddens me to think that a fair and noble young creature, whom I beheld for the first time in the Tower only three days ago, will most like claim mine office."

Edward shuddered on hearing this remark, for he could not help fearing that the caitiff alluded to the Lady Jane Grey. However, he forbore to question him.

"Are there any more who desire to make the experiment?" pursued Mauger.

"Ay, I would fain ascertain if my death is to be by decapitation," cried Xit, leaping on to the block, and regarding the executioner with ludicrous sternness.

"Hence!" exclaimed Mauger, pushing him with the handle of his axe, and causing him to skip off with all haste. "No such honourable ending is reserved for thee."

This incident, which created some merriment, dissipated the unpleasant effect produced by the previous trials; and directing that half a dozen rose-nobles should be given to Mauger, the king quitted the vault with his attendants.

## X.

HOW KING EDWARD VISITED THE DUKE OF NORFOLK IN THE  
BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

PRECEDED by Sir John Gage, and followed by the rest of his attendants, Edward next ascended a short spiral staircase communicating with an upper apartment in the Bloody Tower, wherein the dark deed was done that has conferred such fearful celebrity on the structure; and after examining the mysterious chamber, and listening to the Constable's details of the tragical affair, he tracked a narrow passage, constructed in the inner ballium wall, leading to the Lieutenant's lodgings. On

arriving there, he was received with great ceremony by Sir John Markham, and shown over the building.

Throughout his investigations, the young monarch allowed no object of interest, historical or otherwise, to escape him, and displayed a quickness and a fund of knowledge surprising in one so young. Inquiries having been made by the king of the Constable respecting the state-delinquents at that time imprisoned in the Tower, Sir John Gage seized the opportunity of asking whether it would please his majesty to visit any of them, and especially the Duke of Norfolk. As may be conjectured, the proposition was not made without a latent motive on the part of the worthy Constable, who, being warmly attached to the duke, hoped that Edward's compassion might be so much moved by the sight of the illustrious captive, that he would grant him a pardon. The Lord Protector evidently entertained a like impression, and his dread lest his royal nephew's

olemnity might be exercised in behalf of the unfortunate nobleman was so great, that he would have opposed the visit had he not feared to incense Sir John Gage, with whom, for many reasons, he desired to continue on good terms. He therefore raised no objections when Edward agreed to go at once to the Beauchamp Tower, where the Duke of Norfolk was confined, but bowing gravely in token of acquiescence, observed, "Your majesty must steel your heart. Efforts, I foresee, will be made to move it. But you must not forget that the Duke of Norfolk is a condemned traitor, and still under sentence of death."

"I shall not forget it," replied Edward.

It was not necessary for the royal party to go forth in order to reach the tower in question, since a communication existed between it and the Lieutenant's lodgings by means of a paved footway along the summit of the inner ballium wall, and by which the chief officer of the fortress could visit the prisoners unperceived. This mode of



access, which still exists, soon brought them to the chamber wherein the duke was immured.

No intimation was given the prisoner of the king's approach. The door was unbarred by Tombs the gaoler, and Edward and his attendants admitted.

The apartment entered by them was spacious, and sufficiently well adapted to the purpose to which it was applied. Connected with it were two cells, which could be locked at night, and the walls, which were built of stone and of immense thickness, were pierced by four deep recesses, with narrow apertures strongly grated without. That the chamber had had many previous tenants was proved by the numerous melancholy memorials covering its walls. Its present unfortunate occupant had sought to beguile the weary hours by similar employment, and at the moment when the royal party invaded his solitude, he was engaged in carving a large crucifix on the stones.

Despite the terrible reverses he had experienced,

and the weight of years—he was then considerably past seventy—the Duke of Norfolk was still a very noble-looking personage. Though shorn of wealth and honours, disgraced and attainted of high treason, his grandeur of soul enabled him to bear his unmerited misfortunes with dignity and fortitude. His lofty and stately figure was still proud and erect as in the summer season of his prosperity. He had fallen on evil days, but calamity had no power to shake him. His looks had ever been proud, as was not unnatural in the first peer of the realm, and his deportment singularly majestic; and both looks and deportment continued the same under the present trying circumstances. It is true that deep traces of care were visible on his pallid brow, and that his features were stamped with profound melancholy, but these changes only heightened the interest of his noble countenance. His grey beard had been allowed to grow to great length, and his hoary locks were untrimmed. On his head he wore a

flat velvet cap, destitute of brooch, jewel, or plume. No collar of the Garter, bestowed on him by his own sovereign—no collar of Saint Michael, given him by Francis the First, were placed round his neck. His attire was without ornament, and consisted of a long, loose, philemot-coloured velvet gown, furred with sables, with a high collar and wide hanging sleeves, beneath which the tight sleeves of a russet doublet were discernible.

On hearing the entrance of the royal party he ceased his occupation, and at once perceiving it was the king, he laid down the mallet and chisel, and doffing his cap, cast himself at Edward's feet.

It was a touching spectacle to behold this reverend and noble-looking prisoner prostrate before the youthful monarch; but with the exception of Sir John Gage it failed to move any of the beholders with pity. Even Edward himself seemed to have followed his uncle's stern counsel, and to have hardened his heart against the unfortunate duke.

Norfolk essayed to speak, but his emotion was too great to enable him to give utterance to his words, and a convulsive sob alone escaped him.

"Arise, my lord duke," said Edward, coldly. "And I pray you put some constraint upon your feelings."

"Will not your highness suffer me to kiss your hand and pay you homage?" rejoined the duke, retaining his humble position.

"Attainted of high treason as thou art, Thomas Howard, thou art incapable of rendering homage, and his highness cannot receive it from thee," interposed the Lord Protector, severely. "This thou shouldst know. Arise, as thou art bidden."

Recalled to himself by this harsh treatment, Norfolk got up, and said, in a mournful voice, "This, then, is the end of my long services to the king my master! Heaven grant me patience—I have sore need of it!"

Edward could not fail to be touched by the duke's distress, and would have spoken to him

had not Hertford again interposed. "Thou forgettest the heinous offences laid to thy charge, Thomas Howard," he said, "and of which thou didst confess thyself guilty in thy submission made to his late majesty. Thy offences against thy royal master far outweighed any services rendered by thee towards him, and justly provoked his ire. Had the late king been spared another day, thou wouldst not be here now."

"I know it," rejoined the duke; "but another and a mightier hand than thine, Edward Seymour, was at work for my preservation. My death-warrant was prepared at thy instigation, but it was not given to thee to accomplish thy work. My life has been wondrously spared—it may be for some good purpose. Thou, who mockest me in my distress, mayst be the first to perish."

"Your highness has brought this upon yourself, I must needs say," observed Sir John Gage to the Lord Protector.

"In regard to my confession," pursued Norfolk,

“no one knows better than thou dost, Edward Seymour, by what devices it was wrested from me, and if it shall please the king’s majesty to question me, I will explain why I was led to make acknowledgment of crimes whereof I was guiltless, and to sue for pardon when I ought to have been honourably absolved. Faults I may have had—as who amongst us is free from them?—but want of fidelity and devotion to my late royal master—on whose soul may Jesu have mercy!—was not amongst them. Witness for me the victories I have won for him over the Scots and French. Witness my wounds received at the siege of Jedworth and the assault and taking of Montdidier. Witness for me my expedition to Ireland, now some five-and-twenty years ago, when you, my Lord Protector, were humble enough, and proud of a smile from me—witness, I say, that expedition, wherein I succeeded in compelling the submission of O’Moore, and in pacifying the insurgents—for the which I received

my sovereign's grateful thanks. Witness for me my missions to Francis the First, to prevent a complete rupture with his holiness the Pope. My royal master was well pleased with me on both occasions, and so I may presume was the French king also—seeing that the latter decorated me with the collar of Saint Michael. The collar is gone, but ye cannot say I had it not. Witness also for me the quelling of the dangerous rebellion in the north, and the dispersion of the so-called Pilgrimage of Grace. Owing to my determined measures it was, that a second insurrection was crushed. My royal master thanked me then, and termed me 'his right hand.' Witness for me five-and-thirty years passed wholly in my master's service. Witness full fourteen years passed in the service of that master's father. And, if it had been permitted me, the remainder of my days should have been spent in the service of my master's royal son, whom Jesu preserve!"

"I thank your grace with all my heart," said Edward.

"The best counsel my judgment could furnish hath been ever offered to your august father, sire," pursued Norfolk; "and it was offered disinterestedly. On more than one occasion I have poured out my best blood for him, and I would joyfully pour out the rest for your majesty."

"What says your highness to this?" demanded Edward of the Lord Protector.

"In enumerating his services to his sovereign," replied Hertford, "the Duke of Norfolk hath carefully omitted all mention of the pernicious counsels given by him against the professors of the Reformed faith, and of the secret efforts he hath made to bring the Church again under subjection to the See of Rome. He has forgotten to state that he was the principal deviser of the sanguinary Statute of the Six Articles, and that he was the grand persecutor of all professing the new



opinions. Neither has he stated that in his last expedition to Scotland, in 1542, when he went thither as captain-general of the forces at the head of twenty thousand men, the campaign was without result, and the king deeply dissatisfied with him. Equally inglorious would have been the expedition to France in 1544, had not the king conducted it in person."

"At that time my enemies were at work against me," said Norfolk. "They envied me my master's favour, and were resolved to rob me of it. Foremost amongst my detractors and enemies hast thou ever been, O Edward Seymour! The axe has been laid by thee at the root of one of the goodliest trees that ever grew on English soil, and thou hast hewn it down remorselessly. Beware of the axe thyself! Thou hast robbed me of my brave and chivalrous son Surrey, the soul of honour and loyalty! Never shall he be replaced! Never shall the young king's highness find such another, search where he may! I weep for my son," he

continued, in a broken voice, "though I weep not for myself. A father's curse light on thee, Edward Seymour!"

"Your majesty will perceive what vindictive sentiments the arch-traitor nourishes," observed the Lord Protector.

"Some allowance must be made for a father's feelings," said Sir John Gage. "The loss of such a son as the Earl of Surrey may excuse much passionate grief on the duke's part."

"I thank you, good Sir John," said Norfolk. "Much courage is required to plead for the unfriended captive. One word more with thee, Edward Seymour, and I have done. Thou didst think to obtain possession of my estates. But I have balked thy rapacity. My royal master yielded to my prayer, and allowed me to bestow them upon the prince his son—and they were a gift that not even a monarch might disdain."

"We thank you much for your consideration of us, my lord duke," said Edward, "though we

had rather you had been influenced by better motives than appear to have governed your conduct in the affair. Howbeit, we are beholden to you, and to prove our gratitude we hereby offer you a full pardon."

"Sire!" exclaimed Hertford, startled.

"Interrupt us not, we pray your highness," continued the king, with much dignity. "We offer your grace a free pardon," he added to the duke, who awaited the conclusion of his address with deep anxiety, "but we must clothe it with the condition that you renounce your errors, and embrace the Protestant faith."

"Your majesty hath said well," observed the Lord Protector, approvingly.

"What answer makes your grace?" asked Edward of the duke.

"Your majesty's pardon will avail me little," replied Norfolk, shaking his head. "I attribute the heavy afflictions with which it has pleased Heaven to visit me to my toleration of many

matters contrary to my conscience—but I will sin no more in this manner. I will not change the belief in which I have been nurtured, even to purchase liberty and the restoration of my wealth and honours.”

“Your grace is very stubborn,” remarked Edward, with a look of displeasure.

“It is idle to argue with him, sire,” said the Lord Protector. “Severer measures might work his conversion, and these shall be adopted if your highness wills it.”

“Try them,” cried Norfolk. “Bring the sworn tormentor here, and let him essay his implements upon me. He may wrench my joints asunder, but he shall not tear me from the opinions to which I cling. The crucifix is graven on my heart as deeply as on yonder wall, and cannot be plucked forth, save with life.”

At this juncture Sir John Gage felt it behoved him to interpose in behalf of the unfortunate duke.

“If your majesty will listen to one who ever

spoke fearlessly to your august father," said the worthy Constable, "and whose sincerity was never questioned, though his bluntness may sometimes have given offence, you will abandon all idea of making the Duke of Norfolk a proselyte. Neither by fair means nor foul will his grace's conversion be wrought."

"You are in the right, good Sir John," cried the duke. "I will die for my faith, if need be, but I will not forsake it."

"It will be labour in vain, therefore," continued the Constable, "to proceed in a task impossible of accomplishment. More than this, the course will be fraught with consequences inauspicious to the commencement of your reign, as I will venture to point out. The adherents to the old faith—of whom I am one—would consider any undue rigour shown their chief, as they still regard his grace of Norfolk, on account of his religion, as a blow aimed at themselves, and as an ensample

of what they may in turn expect ; whereby the minds of half, nay more than half, your now loving and loyal subjects will be estranged, discontent will speedily manifest itself, and troubles ensue, not easily quelled, and greatly perplexing to the government. Entertaining this view of the matter, I humbly advise your majesty not to meddle with his grace of Norfolk's religion. By making a martyr of him, you will only serve the cause you desire to put down."

"If your highness is bent on making a proselyte of the duke, try what reasoning and persuasion will do before having recourse to extreme measures," remarked Sir Thomas Seymour. "Let his grace of Canterbury be sent to him."

"I will not see Cranmer," cried Norfolk, sharply. "He is my abhorrence. If he be forced upon me I will shut mine ears to his discourse, and utter no word in reply."

"What is to be done with such a stiff-necked

bigot?" exclaimed the Lord Protector, shrugging his shoulders. "Compassion is thrown away upon him."

"If the duke's long services cannot procure him any mitigation of his sentence," remarked the Constable, "at least let him enjoy his opinions undisturbed. Here, in this dungeon, they can harm no one save himself."

"I love his grace of Norfolk sufficiently to feel great concern for the welfare of his soul," observed Edward. "I do not despair of opening his eyes to his errors, and rescuing him, even at the eleventh hour, from perdition. The separation of one so eminent from the communion of Rome would redound to the honour of the Reformed Church, and I have set my heart upon effecting it. The greater the difficulty, the greater will be the merit."

"I am glad to hear your highness announce such praiseworthy intentions," said Hertford. "They

are sure to give satisfaction to the majority of your subjects."

"Again I implore your majesty to forbear," cried Gage. "You are ill advised to commence your rule with persecution."

"How, Sir John!" exclaimed the Lord Protector. "Do you dare impugn my counsel?"

"Ay," rejoined the Constable, firmly. "Moreover, I dare bid you take heed, lest you pull about your ears the house you have but newly reared. Body o' me! I dared speak my mind to King Harry, of whom I stood in some awe; and think you I shall not dare to utter it to your highness, of whom I stand in none? Nay, marry, but I will."

"Sir John! good Sir John! I pray you moderate yourself," cried Norfolk. "If I should unhappily be the means of dragging you into the pit into which I have fallen myself, it will aggravate my affliction. Let my enemies work their



will against me. I can bear it all without a murmur. But let me not feel that I have harmed a friend."

"Let me join my entreaties to those of Sir John Gage, that your highness pursue this matter no further for the present," said Sir Thomas Seymour. "Above all, let not any warmth of temper which the worthy Constable may have displayed prejudice him in your eyes."

"Nay, if my wise father could overlook Sir John's impetuosity, in consideration of his worth, I am not like to be more particular," replied Edward. "But he should reflect, that by over-zeal he may injure his own cause."

"Rebuke so just and yet so temperate, proceeding from lips so young, shows what may be expected from your highness's mature judgment," replied the Constable. "I thank you for the lesson, and will lay it carefully to heart."

"Let me not be backward in acknowledging that my own hastiness occasioned Sir John's dis-

play of temper," said the Lord Protector, "and therefore your majesty's just rebuke applies to me as well as to him. I pray you forgive me, good Sir John."

"Nay, your highness makes more of the matter than it needs," rejoined the Constable, heartily.

"Since they are all making friends, the real cause of the quarrel will be overlooked," whispered Xit, who was still with the royal party, to Sir Thomas Seymour.

"Peace, knave!" cried the latter, sharply.

"My indiscretion, I trust, hath not prejudiced the duke's cause with your majesty," said Sir John Gage. "If so, I shall deeply lament it."

"Set your mind at ease on that score, good Sir John," returned Edward. "Second thoughts, they say, are best, and, on reflection, I have decided upon leaving his grace of Norfolk to the free indulgence of his own religious opinions, erroneous and pernicious as I feel them to be. If any change comes over him, I shall hail it with the

liveliest satisfaction—with the joy of the shepherd at the return of a lost sheep. Means shall not be wanting towards this end, and good books shall be provided for him. It grieves me that I cannot hold out any promise of liberation to his grace. So long as he entertains these opinions he must remain a prisoner. It might be injurious to the well-being of our Church to let so powerful an enemy go free.”

“I am content, and humbly thank your majesty,” replied the duke, bowing his head in resignation.

“I must repeat,” said Edward, preparing to depart, “that it will be your grace’s own fault if you be not speedily liberated, and restored to favour.”

Norfolk shook his head mournfully, and bowed reverentially as the king and his attendants departed.

Soon afterwards, the door was barred on the outside by Tombs. On hearing the noise of the bolts shot into their sockets the unfortunate pri-

soner heaved a deep sigh, and then took up his mallet and chisel.

“Men’s hearts are harder than this stone,” he muttered, as he resumed his sad and solitary task. “Something tells me that boy’s reign will be a short one. If it shall please Heaven to spare me to see the right succession restored in the person of Mary, and the old belief brought back, I shall die happy!”

## XI.

SHOWING HOW SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR PROSPERED IN HIS SUIT.

TOWARDS evening, on the same day, the Princess Elizabeth and her escort, accompanied by her governess, Mistress Catherine Ashley, and the young king's preceptors, Sir John Cheke and Doctor Cox, arrived at the Tower. Sir Thomas Seymour, who had been on the watch for more than an hour, and whose impatience by this time had risen almost to fever heat, no sooner beheld the troop of arquebusiers, with the princess at its head, crossing Tower Hill, than he flew to meet her, and

continued by the side of her palfrey as she entered the gates of the fortress.

Elizabeth blushed deeply as her handsome suitor drew nigh, and exhibited a confusion from which Seymour drew a favourable augury. Moreover, his anticipations of success were confirmed by the glance he received from his esquire, who rode behind the princess with Mistress Ashley and the young king's preceptors—a glance that proclaimed as plainly as words, that all had gone on smoothly and satisfactorily.

Never had Seymour looked more captivating to female eye than on this occasion. When he chose to exert the full force of his remarkable attractions, he was almost—as his esquire had described him—irresistible. Elizabeth now found him so.

Some months previously, during the late king's lifetime, perceiving that the fair young princess deigned to cast her regards upon him, Sir Thomas, whose temerity was equal to his good looks, had not hesitated to declare his passion. The decla-

ration, however, was but coldly received, and he subsequently yielded to the temptings of ambition which pointed out the queen-dowager as the better match. At the last moment, however, and when he was all but committed to Catherine, his passion for Elizabeth revived with greater intensity than ever, and, as we have seen, decided him, at the risk of losing the prize of which he felt secure, to make a final attempt to win her.

On the princess's part, whatever prudent resolutions she might have formed, and however decided the refusal she designed to give, her determination failed her at the sight of her resistless admirer, and she listened to his honeyed words with a complacency that seemed to warrant the conclusions he drew as to her improved disposition towards him.

"Your esquire, Signor Ugo, is an Italian, it would seem, Sir Thomas? — at least, he chiefly spoke that language to me," she observed, as they

passed through the gateway of the By-ward Tower.

"Mezzo-Italiano, altezza," replied Seymour, smiling. "A Tuscan on the mother's side."

"By my fay, a sprightly galliard!" she rejoined; "and much devoted to you, I should judge. He could talk of little else save his lord's merits and noble qualities, and harped so much upon the theme, that I was obliged at last to bid him change it, or hold his tongue."

"I am sorry he has offended your highness," returned Seymour. "In future, his manners shall be amended, or he shall no longer continue esquire of mine. But he hath heard me speak so often of you, and in such terms, that he may have fancied himself in duty bound to extol me to your highness. I gave him credit for more discretion."

"Nay, I might have been content to listen to his praises of you, Sir Thomas," observed the princess, blushing. "But when he repeated what you had



said of me, I deemed it time to check him. Methinks you make too great a confidant of this galliard. They of his country are proverbially faithless."

"But Ugo is only half Italian, as I have just said," rejoined Seymour, "and I have bound him to me by ties of deepest gratitude. I have every reason to believe him faithful; but your highness may rely upon it, I will not trust him further than can be done with safety. And there are some secrets I shall keep sedulously guarded from him."

"You have given him a key to one he ought never to have been entrusted withal," remarked Elizabeth, half-reproachfully.

"Nay, if your highness views the matter thus gravely, I shall indeed be angry with the knave," rejoined Seymour. "But you may rest quite easy—whatever he may suspect, he knows nothing of a certainty."

"I am not to be deceived on that score," returned Elizabeth. "No man ever spoke as that

galliard did, without authority for what he uttered."

"Hum! the impudent varlet must have gone too far," mentally ejaculated Seymour. "He shall never offend again in like sort," he added, aloud.

"To chide him will not mend matters," said the princess. "If anybody deserves reproof for presumption, it is yourself, Sir Thomas. Signor Ugo is the mere tool of his lord."

"Signor Ugo shall pay dearly for it, if he loses me only a feather's weight of your highness's good opinion, which I value more than my life," cried Seymour. "If I have been too bold, the force of my passion must plead my excuse. Since I last beheld your highness at Enfield, your charms have had such an effect upon me that my judgment has scarce been under my own control. Every thought has been given to you—every emotion has been influenced by you. My existence hangs on your breath. It is for you to make me

the proudest and the happiest of men, or to plunge me into the lowest depths of despair."

"No more of this, I pray you, Sir Thomas," replied the princess, her bosom palpitating quickly, for she was not insensible to his ardour. "You will draw the eyes of the bystanders upon us, and some sharp and curious ear may catch your words."

"Nay, condemn me not to silence till I have learnt my fate!" cried Seymour, in accents trembling with emotion, which was communicated to the princess as he approached her saddle. "Idolo del mio cuore! what response do you vouchsafe to my letter? Speak, I implore you, and put me out of my misery."

"To-morrow I will decide," said Elizabeth, in tones almost as tremulous as his own.

"No, now—now, adorata!" cried Seymour, pressing still closer towards her, and essaying to take her hand.

At this critical juncture the warning voice of

his esquire reached him. They were now not far from the entrance of the palace.

“Zitto! zitto! monsignore,” cried Ugo. “Eccola lì!—alla finestra del palazzo—la Regina Caterina!”

Roused by the caution, Seymour looked up, and, to his infinite annoyance and dismay, beheld Queen Catherine Parr, with the Countess of Hertford, the Marchioness of Dorset, Lady Jane Grey, and some other court dames, looking down upon them from the open casements of the palace. Though it did not seem possible that the queen-dowager could have heard what was passing between the pair, yet the enamoured deportment of Seymour, his propinquity to the princess, and the blushes and downcast looks of the latter, seemed scarcely to leave a doubt as to the subject of their discourse. The scornful and indignant glance given by Catherine to Sir Thomas, satisfied him that her jealousy was awakened. Elizabeth looked

up at the same moment, and was covered with confusion on perceiving so many eyes directed towards her.

"Retire instantly, I entreat you, Sir Thomas," she said, hastily—"you have placed me in a very embarrassing situation."

"Heed them not, fair princess!" he rejoined, complying, however, with her injunctions, and removing from her side; "they will merely think some light and trivial discourse hath been passing between us."

"The queen, my stepmother, looked as if she had a shrewd notion of the truth," rejoined Elizabeth.

"It may be well to lull her suspicions," said Seymour. "Treat the matter lightly, and laugh it off, if she questions your highness, as peradventure she may. She can have overheard nothing, so you are quite safe on that head."

In another moment they reached the entrance of the palace, near which the three gigantic war-

ders were stationed, Edward having expressly commanded that, during his stay at the Tower, they should be constantly placed on guard there. A crowd of henchmen, pages, ushers, grooms, and other functionaries had issued from the palace as soon as the princess's arrival at the fortress was announced, and they were now drawn up at the foot of the perron leading to the principal door to receive her. Alighting from her palfrey with the aid of Sir Thomas Seymour, Elizabeth entered the palace with Mistress Ashley, and was ceremoniously ushered by the marshal of the hall into the apartment assigned her. After making some slight change in her apparel, she descended to one of the state-rooms, where she was informed by Fowler she would find her royal brother. Edward was impatiently expecting her, and on her appearance he flew to meet her, embraced her tenderly, and gave her a hearty welcome to the Tower.

Scarcely had the amiable young monarch's rap-

tures at the sight of his dearly-loved sister subsided into calm satisfaction, when he found a new subject for delight in the appearance of his two tutors. To the infinite astonishment of Fowler, who would have expressed his courtly dissatisfaction at the proceeding if he had dared, he ran towards them as he had flown to Elizabeth, and gave them both a very affectionate and unceremonious greeting. Taking them kindly by the hand, he prevented them from kneeling, saying with much benignity, "I have received you in private, my respected preceptors, because I wish all ceremony to be dispensed with in regard to friends I so entirely love and esteem as yourselves. As far as possible, I desire our old relations to continue. At the earliest opportunity I shall resume my studies with you, and while so employed I shall altogether lay aside the king, and be again your pupil."

"Such words have rarely issued from royal lips, sire," replied Sir John Cheke, "and do as much

credit to your head as to the heart that prompted their utterance."

"Do not flatter me, worthy Sir John," rejoined Edward, smiling. "Now that I have got you with me, my dear preceptors, and my sister Elizabeth," he added, looking affectionately at her, "I shall be perfectly happy, and care not how long I may remain at the Tower. Since I have been here, Elizabeth," he continued to the princess, who had now joined the group, "I have formed a strict friendship with our cousin, the Lady Jane Grey. Her tastes, in all matters, coincide with my own. She likes reading, and is very devout. I am sure you will love her."

"I am quite sure I shall if your highness loves her," replied the princess.

"You will be able to form an opinion upon her at once, for here she comes," observed Edward, as the subject of their discourse entered the chamber with the queen-dowager, the Marchioness of Dorset,



the Countess of Hertford, and most of the other court dames who had witnessed the princess's arrival from the windows of the palace.

Catherine's manner towards her stepdaughter was cold and constrained, and her greeting anything but cordial. On her side, Elizabeth was no less distant and haughty. Her pride was instantly roused by the queen-dowager's treatment, and she resented it with great spirit. Besides, she instinctively recognised a rival, and this feeling sharpened her sense of injury.

As yet Catherine had not had opportunity of upbraiding her fickle suitor by word or look, but in the very midst of the scene we have described he entered the chamber. To keep aloof from the dispute would have seemed to be Sir Thomas's wisest course, but he knew better. He did not miscalculate the extent of his influence upon either party. At a reassuring smile from him, the frowns vanished as if by magic from Catherine's brow, and her countenance resumed its wonted serenity.

At a glance, perceptible only to herself, Elizabeth was instantly softened, and assumed a more conciliatory manner and tone towards her stepmother. Lady Hertford noticed this sudden and striking change, and failed not to attribute it to the true cause. An unguarded exclamation of Catherine on beholding Sir Thomas's marked attention to the princess on the arrival of the latter at the Tower, had led Lady Hertford to suspect the truth, and subsequent observations confirmed the surmise. Still smarting from the affronts she had received from the queen-dowager, she now felt that revenge was in her power.

Catherine's coldness and asperity towards his sister had much pained the amiable young monarch, and he was just about to interfere, when Seymour's appearance dispelled the clouds, and turned the gloom into sunshine.

"On my faith, gentle uncle," he said, with a smile, "you bring good humour with you. We seemed on the verge of some incomprehensible

misunderstanding here, which your presence has sufficed to set right. What witchery do you practise?"

"None that I am aware of, my gracious liege," replied Sir Thomas. "But were I an enchanter, my spells should undo mischief, not work it. I would put trust in the place of groundless suspicion, and gentleness in that of inconsiderate heat. By so doing, I might justly merit your majesty's commendation."

"You give yourself a good character, Sir Thomas," observed Catherine, with some remains of pique.

"Not better than he is fairly entitled to, gracious madam," observed Edward. "If my uncle always exercises his talent for pleasing as beneficially as on the present occasion, he has a right to be vain of it."

"An please your majesty," said Fowler, advancing and bowing profoundly, "the marshal of

the hall hath just entered to announce to your grace that the banquet is served."

"Marry, then, we will to it at once," replied Edward. "Fair cousin, your hand," he added to the Lady Jane Grey, "and do you, gentle uncle, conduct our sister to the banqueting-hall."

Secretly delighted, though drawing a discreet veil over his satisfaction, Seymour immediately tendered his hand to the princess, much to the mortification of Catherine; after which the whole party, preceded by a troop of pages, henchmen, ushers, and marshals, repaired to the banqueting-hall, and entered it amid lively flourishes from the trumpeters stationed near the door.

At the banquet the queen-dowager occupied the seat next the king, to which she had asserted her claim in the manner heretofore narrated, and of which no further attempt was made by the Lord Protector to deprive her. Sir Thomas Seymour, however, no longer stood behind her majesty's

chair, but placed himself between the Princess Elizabeth and the Countess of Hertford. Nothing of moment occurred at the entertainment, which was on the same scale of grandeur and profusion as those preceding it, and which numbered as guests all the members of the council, and all the nobles and other persons of distinction then staying at the Tower; but Catherine's jealousy was re-awakened by the ill-disguised attentions of Seymour to her youthful rival—attentions which, it was quite evident, were anything but disagreeable to the princess. The slighted queen longed for an opportunity of launching her anger against them, but no pretext for such an outbreak being afforded her, she was obliged to devour her rage in silence.

Either Sir Thomas's prudence had deserted him, or the violence of his passion deprived his judgment of its due control, for at the close of the banquet he made no attempt to join Catherine, but again gave his hand to the princess, and with-

out casting even a look at the neglected queen, or, it may be, not even thinking of her, followed his royal nephew and the Lady Jane Grey out of the hall. Catherine stood still as if stupified by his conduct, and pressed her hand against her heart to keep down the force of her emotions. She had not entirely recovered when Lady Hertford approached her.

“Methinks I can guess what is passing in your highness’s breast,” observed the countess.

“What insolence is this?” cried Catherine, haughtily. “By what right do you pretend to penetrate the secrets of my breast?”

“Nay, it is your highness’s unguarded manner that betrays the state of your feelings,” rejoined Lady Hertford. “Little penetration is requisite to discover that which must be apparent to all. My friendly intentions did not deserve this rebuff. I came to warn you that you are deceived—basely deceived by him in whom you place your trust. I overheard enough at the banquet to convince me

of this. I could tell more—but my lips are now sealed.”

“No! no! speak!—speak! I implore you, dear countess,” cried Catherine, in extreme agitation. “You sat next him, and must have heard what passed—in pity, speak!”

“Compose yourself, I pray your highness,” replied Lady Hertford, secretly enjoying her distress, though feigning sympathy. “I feel for your situation, and will lend you help, if you are disposed to receive it. If you would effectually cure yourself of this unworthy passion—for so I must needs call it, though Sir Thomas is my husband’s brother—which you have allowed to obtain dominion over you, go to-morrow at noon to Lady Herbert’s chamber in the north gallery, and you shall hear enough to convince you of your lover’s perfidy.”

“Hath Elizabeth agreed to meet him there?” demanded Catherine, becoming as white as ashes.

“Your highness will see,” rejoined Lady Hert-

ford. "If you will leave the matter to me, I will contrive that you shall be an unseen and unsuspected witness of the interview."

"Do what you will, countess," said Catherine. "Prove him forsworn, and I will stifle every feeling I have for him, even if I expire in the effort."

"Proof shall not be wanting, trust me," replied Lady Hertford. "But I do this in the hope of curing your highness, and from no other motive."

"I know it, and I shall be for ever beholden to you," rejoined the wounded queen, gratefully.

"It will be needful to the full success of the plan that your highness put constraint upon yourself during the rest of the evening," observed Lady Hertford. "Let not Sir Thomas or the Lady Elizabeth fancy they are suspected."

"The task will be difficult," sighed Catherine, "but I will strive to perform it."

"Doubt not I will be as good as my word," said Lady Hertford. "Your highness shall be



present at the rendezvous, and shall have the power to surprise them, if you see fit. I now humbly take leave of your grace." And she mentally ejaculated, as she quitted the queen, "At length I have avenged the affront! No, not altogether—but to-morrow it shall be fully wiped out."

## XII.

OF THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR AND THE  
PRINCESS ELIZABETH ; AND HOW IT WAS INTERRUPTED.

NEXT morning, Sir Thomas Seymour did not quit his chamber in the Wardrobe Tower until close upon the hour appointed for his interview with the Princess Elizabeth. Full of ardour, and confident of success, he then prepared to set forth. Ugo Harrington, who had assisted him to decorate his person, and just before his departure had handed him a pair of perfumed gloves, attended him to the door, and wished him "buona riuscita." But it may be doubted whether the esquire's look was in entire accordance with the sentiment he

expressed. There was more of malice in his smile than good will.

As Seymour traversed the long and winding corridors of the palace in the direction of the apartments assigned to his sister, Lady Herbert, his stately figure and superb attire attracted the admiration of the various subordinate officers of the household thronging the galleries, and, with one accord, they agreed that he was the noblest personage about the court.

"Sir Thomas looks as brave as a king," observed a master cook, who was dressed in damask satin, with a chain of gold about his neck.

"His Highness the Lord Protector cannot compare with him," remarked an equally gaily-attired clerk of the kitchen.

"All the court ladies and gentlewomen, they say, are dying of love for him—and no wonder!" said a spruce clerk of the spicery.

"You should see him in the tilt-yard, good sirs," quoth a fat sewer of the hall.

"Or in the manage, or the fencing school," observed a tall henchman. "No man can put a horse through his paces, or handle the rapier like Sir Thomas Seymour."

"The king's highness ought to bestow the Lady Elizabeth's grace in marriage upon him," observed a simpering page. "There is none other so worthy of her."

"That may be, or it may not," said Xit, who was standing among the group. "When the curtain is raised, then what is behind it shall be disclosed," he added, mysteriously.

"What mean'st thou by that, little Solon?" cried the page. "Wouldst intimate that thou knowest more than we who are in constant attendance on his majesty?"

"What I know, I know—and it shall never be confided to thee, on that thou mayst depend," rejoined Xit.

"This dandiprat's conceit is insufferable," cried the page. "Since he hath been appointed the

king's dwarf, he gives himself the airs of a Spanish grandee. I vote we drive him from our company."

"Attempt it at thy peril, proud minion," retorted Xit, fiercely, laying his hand upon the hilt of the miniature weapon with which he had been provided. "I stir not, and, by our lady! he who touches me shall rue his rashness."

"Ha! what is this?" cried Fowler, who chanced to be passing at the moment—"a brawl near the presence-chamber! By the rood! you must mend your manners, my masters, or some of ye will smart for it. Ah! art thou there, my merry dapperling?" he added, noticing Xit. "Come with me. The king hath asked for thee."

"Dost mark that, sirrah page?" cried Xit, scornfully, to his opponent. "If I be not fit company for thee, I am for thy sovereign lord and master. An thou wait'st till his majesty sends for thee, thou wilt tarry long enough. I follow on the instant, worshipful Master Fowler," he added,

strutting after the gentleman of the privy-chamber, amid the laughter and jeers of the pages and henchmen.

Meanwhile, Sir Thomas Seymour had reached his destination, and with a throbbing heart entered the waiting-chamber of Lady Herbert's apartments. Here he found an old porter, who, bowing respectfully, informed him that her ladyship, his sister, was without at the moment, but would return anon.

"I will await her coming, Thopas," said Sir Thomas, proceeding towards the inner apartment.

"Nay, there are two ladies in that room, Sir Thomas," cried the porter.

"Are they young or old, Thopas?" inquired Seymour.

"As to the matter of that, Sir Thomas, I should judge one of them to be neither old nor young, but betwixt and between, as we may say, though she is still a comely dame. But the other I take to be young, though I cannot speak positively,

seeing that her face was muffled up, but her gait and figure were those of a buxom damsel."

"I will in and resolve the point," said Seymour, smiling at the old man's description of the princess and her governess. And lifting aside the arras, he entered the adjoining chamber.

It was a large room, hung with costly tapestry and silken stuffs, the latter embellished with golden birds deftly wrought in needlework, while the arras was covered with roses, fleurs-de-lys, and lions. Over the high-carved chimney-piece was placed a life-like portrait of Henry VIII., painted by Holbein, by whom the chimney-piece had likewise been designed. The roof was of oak, ornamented with grotesque figures. The chamber was lighted by a deep oriel window filled with stained glass, and in this recess, at a table covered with a Turkey carpet, sat two ladies, one of whom, it is almost needless to state, was the Princess Elizabeth, and the other her governess, Mistress Ashley. Of the latter it may be observed, that she was amiable and

accomplished, but foolishly indulgent to the caprices of her somewhat headstrong pupil, of whom she was dotingly fond, and who did just what she pleased with her.

Mistress Ashley was seated at the bottom of the recess, and was so much occupied with her book that it is to be presumed she did not remark Sir Thomas Seymour's entrance. At all events, she neither looked up then, nor raised her eyes during the subsequent interview between the princess and her suitor. What use she made of her ears we pretend not to determine. The lovers gave themselves little concern about her.

On beholding Sir Thomas, Elizabeth arose and came forward to meet him. Seymour immediately threw himself at her feet.

"Rise, Sir Thomas," she cried. "I cannot listen to you in this posture."

"Pardon me if I disobey you, sweet saint!" cried Seymour, passionately. "A suppliant at your shrine, I cannot rise till my prayers are heard."



Forbid me not thus humbly to pay my vows to you—to tell you how deeply and devotedly I love you!”

“Nay, in good sooth, I must be obeyed,” rejoined Elizabeth, in a tone not to be disputed.

“Have I become indifferent to you?” cried Seymour, rising, and assuming a despairing tone. “Have I deluded myself with the notion that my love was requited?”

“If I loved you not, Sir Thomas, I should not be here,” she rejoined.

It was with difficulty that Seymour refrained from casting himself again at her feet.

“Never were syllables more grateful to mortal ear than those you have uttered, sweet princess,” he cried. “Repeat them! oh repeat them! I can scarce believe I have heard aright.”

“You make me feel I have said too much already, Sir Thomas. And yet I desire to deal frankly with you. ’Tis my nature to be candid.”

“I know it! I know it! Gladden me once

more with those words, I beseech you ! My heart thirsts for them."

"Then, for the second time, I will own I love you, Sir Thomas. Will that suffice?"

"Oh ! how shall I thank you for the happiness you confer upon me ! What terms can I employ to express my admiration of your matchless beauty ! What vows can I utter to attest my devotion ! A life will not suffice to prove it—but my whole life shall be dedicated to you !"

"You would have me then believe that I am the sole object of your affections, Sir Thomas?" she said, looking searchingly at him.

"Can you for a moment doubt it, fair princess?" he rejoined. "No ! my whole heart is given to you."

"Perchance my suspicions may be unfounded, so I will try to dismiss them. Report speaks of you as a general admirer of our sex, Sir Thomas."

"Report speaks falsely, as it ordinarily does, fair princess, if it would imply that I admire a

beautiful woman more than I should a glorious picture or a nobly-sculptured statue. A lovely woman delights my eye, but only as a fair object to gaze upon."

"Do you class the queen, my stepmother, among the fair women whom you merely gaze upon as you would at a picture or a statue, Sir Thomas?" demanded Elizabeth.

"Undoubtedly," he replied. "Her majesty's beauty excites no stronger feeling in me. But I cannot look upon you unmoved, fair princess."

Something like a sigh at this moment reached the ears of the pair, but they did not heed it, supposing the suspiration to proceed from Mistress Ashley.

"Mistrust me not, I implore you, fair princess!" continued Seymour, anxious to dispel any doubts yet lingering in Elizabeth's breast. "Queen Catherine's gracious manner towards me has, perchance, called forth a fervent expression of gratitude on my part, which may have been mistaken

for a warmer feeling. I say not that it is so, but such may be the case."

"The queen persuades herself you love her—of that I am certain," said Elizabeth. "Is she self-deceived, or deceived by you?"

"Certes, she is not deceived by me. But I cannot answer for any self-delusion practised by her highness."

"Hist! what was that?" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Methought I heard a sigh."

"Your governess must be much moved by the book she is reading," observed Seymour. "'Tis the second sigh she has heaved. But now that you have received every possible assurance of my truth and constancy, keep me no longer, I beseech you, in suspense. Am I to leave this chamber blest with the consciousness that I may call you mine, or must I hide my head in despair?"

"I would not have you wholly despair, Sir Thomas. But you must be content to wait. I am too young to think of nuptials yet. Some years

must elapse ere I can take a husband. But I love you now, and do not think I shall change my mind. That is all I can say."

"Princess!" he exclaimed.

"I am a daughter of Henry the Eighth," continued Elizabeth, proudly, "and as such will do nothing unworthy of my great father, or of myself. Of all men I have ever beheld, you are the noblest-looking, Sir Thomas. To you, as I have already frankly confessed, my virgin heart hath been yielded. But to win my hand you must rise, for I will never wed with one inferior to myself in degree. Were you in your brother's place—were you Lord Protector of the realm—I would not say 'nay' to your suit. But unless you can attain a position equally eminent, I must conquer the love I bear you."

"If my ambition needed any spur, your words would furnish it, princess," cried Sir Thomas. "That I have dared to raise my eyes to your high-

ness is a proof that I aspire to greatness, and that no obstacle, however seemingly insurmountable, shall prevent me from obtaining it. I need scarcely tell you," he added, lowering his voice, "that I am the king your brother's favourite uncle, and that if I choose to exert the influence I have over my royal nephew, the dignity you have pointed out as needful to the claimant of your hand must be mine. As my consort, your highness shall be second to none in the kingdom."

"But Edward may oppose our union," said Elizabeth.

"His majesty will refuse me nothing—not even your hand," he rejoined.

"But the Lord Protector—and the council?"

"All obstacles must yield to determination."

"If Edward remains under the Lord Protector's control, you will soon lose your influence over him," observed Elizabeth.

"Be that my care to prevent," he rejoined, sig-

nificantly. "I am resolved to play for the highest stake, and to win it, or lose all. But to gain power without the prize that alone would render power valuable, would be to accomplish nothing. I am content to wait till such time as my position shall enable me to ask your hand in marriage. Meanwhile, as an incitement to present effort, and as a security for the future, I pray you let us plight our troth together."

"I like not to bind myself so," hesitated Elizabeth.

"Nay, I beseech you, refuse me not?" urged Seymour.

After a brief internal struggle, during which her lover pleaded yet more ardently, Elizabeth yielded, saying, "Be it as you will. What I have said I will abide by. Mistress Ashley shall witness our betrothal."

With this, she gave her hand to Seymour, who pressed it to his lips, and they were proceeding

together towards the recess in which the governess was still seated, when a piece of arras on the right of the chamber was suddenly drawn aside, and Queen Catherine stood before them.



## XIII.

HOW THE COUNTESS OF HERTFORD WAS BALKED OF HER  
REVENGE; AND IN WHAT MANNER XIT SOUGHT TO DIVERT  
THE KING.

THE injured queen was pale as death. But her eyes flashed lightnings upon the startled pair, and she looked as if she would willingly annihilate them. Catherine, indeed, was very terrible at this moment, and it required no little courage to meet her glances. This courage Elizabeth possessed in an eminent degree, and though somewhat alarmed on the infuriated queen's first appearance, she almost instantly recovered herself, and eyed Cathe-





Meeting between Sir Thomas Seymour and the Princess Elizabeth  
interrupted by the Queen Dowager.





rine with a glance almost as ireful and vindictive as her own.

Sir Thomas Seymour's position was very different, and infinitely more embarrassing. By this unexpected occurrence he had every reason to fear he should lose both Elizabeth and the queen. By the latter his perfidy had evidently been detected—immediate exposure to the princess in all probability awaited him. But he was not easily daunted, and though the situation was in the highest degree perplexing, almost desperate, he did not for a moment lose his presence of mind.

“Hold!” cried Catherine, extending her hand menacingly towards them, as they recoiled on beholding her. “No trothplight can take place between you. I forbid it in the name of the council. Such a contract would be in direct violation of your august father's will, Elizabeth; and by the reverence you owe his memory, I charge you to forbear.”

“You have much reverence for the king my

father's memory, I must needs own, madam," rejoined the princess, scornfully.

"I deserve the taunt, but it comes with an ill grace from your lips," said Catherine.

"Why with an ill grace from mine?" cried Elizabeth. "Methinks no one hath greater right than myself to reproach King Henry's widow, who, forgetful alike of decency and duty, seeks to dishonour his memory—so far as dishonour can attach to a memory so glorious—by a marriage with another ere yet her royal husband's body is laid in the tomb."

"Princess!" interposed Seymour, "you mistake."

"What makes her majesty here, if she be not brought by jealousy?" cried Elizabeth. "No, I do not mistake. When her grace and I met yesterday, I felt I had a rival. Let her deny it if she can."

"I shall not attempt to deny it," replied Catherine, with dignity. "I have been deeply, basely

deceived, and bitterly do I grieve that I listened to the voice of the tempter. But my present sufferings may serve to expiate my error, great though it be. May you, Elizabeth, never feel the humiliation, the self-reproach, the anguish I now experience! I will not attempt to palliate my conduct, but I may say that throughout this kingdom more miserable wife did not, and could not, exist than the unfortunate Catherine Parr, the envied consort of your father, King Henry. Evil was the hour that, dazzled by the splendour of a crown, and confident in my own firmness of principle, I consented to become his spouse! Since that fatal moment I have known little peace. Anxiously as I studied my fickle husband's lightest humours, I found it scarcely possible to please him, and to anger him would have ensured my destruction. Surrounded by enemies, I was constantly exposed to secret machinations, and with difficulty escaped them, because the king ever lent ready credence to charges brought against me. Mine was a

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wretched existence — so wretched that, though clothed with the semblance of power, I would gladly have exchanged lots with the meanest of my subjects. No love could outlast such usage. Terror trampled out the embers of expiring affection. I never approached my terrible husband but with constraint and dread, uncertain whether I might not quit him for the scaffold. What wonder, after well-nigh four years of such misery, when the days of my suffering drew towards a close, I should not be wholly insensible to the attentions of one who seemed to pity me, and feigned to adore me? What wonder, when death at last released me from tyranny almost insupportable, I should have forgotten that I was the widow of a great king, but a cruel husband, and ere he, who had more than once menaced me with death, and had even ordered the warrant for my execution, was laid in the grave, should have half promised my hand to him who had sworn to efface my previous sufferings by a life of devotion? What

wonder I should be beguiled by Sir Thomas Seymour, who hath the glozing tongue of the serpent, and who is as fair-spoken and specious as he is perfidious? No epithet is strong enough to express the scorn I hold him in. My conduct may not be wholly free from censure, and some, as you have done, Elizabeth, may call it indecorous. But what respect do I owe to the memory of one who could treat me as your royal father treated me? Levity was never laid to my charge, and I was ever faithful and obedient and conformable to the king in all things. But all ties between us are now sundered. I owe him nothing—not even regret. I seek not to compare myself with the unhappy queens who have gone before me, but it ill becomes the daughter of Anne Boleyn to reproach Catherine Parr.”

“I pray your majesty to pardon me for adding to your affliction,” said Elizabeth, “but I have been as basely deceived as yourself,” she added, with a disdainful glance at Seymour.

"Before your highness condemns me, at least hear what I have to urge in my defence," implored Sir Thomas, humbly.

But Elizabeth did not even bestow a look upon him. Turning towards Catherine, she said, "Your majesty is right in your judgment of this man. He is subtle and perfidious as the serpent, but he is baser than that reptile. He has deceived us both. Let us make common cause against him, and crush him!"

"You are vindictive, fair princess," cried Seymour, "but I would counsel both you and her majesty to think twice ere you make any such attempt."

"Ah! now we see him in his true character," exclaimed Elizabeth. "The serpent hath found its sting."

"Enough! we have unmasked him," rejoined Catherine. "It shall be my business to forget him," she added, with a sigh.

"Her majesty relents," muttered Seymour,

watching her narrowly. "All is not yet lost in that quarter. Were she alone, I should not despair of retrieving my position at once."

For a moment it seemed as if this chance would be given him. Calling to her governess, who had listened to the scene in affright, not knowing how it might terminate, Elizabeth prepared to depart, and looked at the queen-dowager, as if expecting she would accompany her. Catherine, however, remained irresolute, and Seymour made sure of recovering the ground he had lost.

At this juncture a page entered the room, and announced "The king!"

On this, the princess and her governess stood still.

"What brings the king here?" said Catherine. "Ah! I understand. Is his grace unattended?" she added to the page.

"The Countess of Hertford is with him, an please your majesty," replied the page.

"'Tis as I suspected," thought Catherine; and,

advancing towards the princess, she whispered, "Be cautious. Mischief enough has been done already by the countess. She must not triumph over us."

"Fear me not," rejoined Elizabeth, in the same tone. "No word of mine shall betray your majesty."

While this was passing, a second page entered, and called out as the first had done, "The king!" Then followed a gentleman usher, bearing a wand, who made a similar announcement. After which, the tapestry covering the doorway was drawn aside, and Edward, accompanied by the Countess of Hertford, stepped into the room. Behind the young monarch came Fowler and Xit.

On entering the chamber, Lady Hertford's first glance was directed towards Catherine, and she was surprised and mortified to see her exhibit so much calmness of manner and look. By a great effort the queen had succeeded in recovering her composure. Neither did Elizabeth betray any

symptoms of agitation. As to Sir Thomas Seymour, he appeared so perfectly easy and unconcerned, that no one could imagine he had been the principal actor in such a scene as had just occurred. The only person who could not entirely shake off her perturbation was Mistress Ashley. But of her Lady Hertford took little heed.

Having received the obeisances of all the party whom he found in the room, Edward turned to Lady Hertford, and said, "When you begged me to come hither, good aunt, you promised me an agreeable surprise, and some diversion. In what does the surprise consist?"

"My good sister would appear to be surprised herself, to judge from her looks," observed Sir Thomas Seymour, "though, it may be, not so agreeably as she expected. In any case, I am indebted to her for bringing your majesty here, though I fear it will be trouble taken for little gain."

"Perhaps my presence was the agreeable surprise intended for your majesty," observed the queen-dowager. "If so, I shall feel highly flattered."

"Or mine," added Elizabeth, "though Lady Hertford could scarce know I was here."

"There your highness is mistaken," rejoined the countess. "I was fully aware you were here. Perhaps Sir Thomas will account for being here likewise?"

"Nothing more easy, good sister," replied Seymour. "I came hither to see my sister Herbert, and learning she had gone to another part of the palace, I should have departed instantly, had I not found the Lady Elizabeth's grace and Mistress Ashley in possession of the room, and I remained in converse with them for a few minutes, when her majesty the queen-dowager arrived, and detained me until now."

"A likely story!" exclaimed Lady Hertford. "I can give another version of it."

"Indeed! then pray do so, good aunt?" cried Edward.

But the countess's reply was checked by a very menacing glance fixed upon her by Seymour.

"I have bethought me, and must decline to say more on the subject," replied Lady Hertford.

"Nay, good aunt, that will not satisfy us," cried Edward. "You impugn Sir Thomas's veracity, and yet are unable, or unwilling, to prove him wrong."

"Press not my sister further, sire," said Seymour. "See you not she meditated some jest at my expense, which the plain statement I have given has robbed of its point?" And he again looked sternly at Lady Hertford.

"Ah! is it so, dear aunt?" said Edward, laughing. "Confess you have failed."

"That cannot be denied, sire," replied the countess.

"Ill-success should ever attend the mischief-maker," said Catherine.



"Nay, your majesty is too severe," rejoined Edward. "Our good aunt had no mischievous design in what she proposed."

"So your grace thinks, and it is well you should continue to think so," returned the queen.

Any rejoinder by the countess to the queen-dowager's imprudent sarcasm was prevented by Sir Thomas Seymour, who kept his eye steadily fixed on his sister-in-law.

At this juncture Xit stepped forward, and, with an obeisance, said, "Your majesty came here to be surprised and diverted. 'Twere a pity you should be disappointed. Your amiable nature also delights in reconciling differences where any unfortunately exist. Will it please you to lay your commands upon the Countess of Hertford to give her hand to her grace the queen-dowager?"

"Sire!" exclaimed the countess, "you will not suffer this?"

"Nay, let it be so, good aunt," interrupted

the king. "The knave has some merry design which we would not spoil by a refusal."

Thus enjoined, Lady Hertford very reluctantly advanced towards the queen. But Catherine drew herself up proudly and coldly, and repelled her by a look.

"So!—so!" cried Xit, with a comical look at the king. "Peradventure, we shall succeed better in the next attempt. Will your majesty enjoin Sir Thomas Seymour to take the hand of the Lady Elizabeth's grace?"

"To what purpose?" demanded Edward.

"You will see, sire," replied the dwarf.

"Dar'st thou jest with me, thou saucy knave?" exclaimed the princess, giving him a sound box on the ears.

"Pity so soft a hand should strike so shrewdly," observed Xit, rubbing his cheek. "But I have not yet done, sire. For the last essay, I pray that Sir Thomas may be directed to give his hand to her majesty the queen-dowager."

"The command will be unavailing," cried Catherine. "I will not suffer him to approach me."

"The secret is out," exclaimed Xit, triumphantly. "There has been a quarrel. This, then, was the pleasant surprise designed for your majesty."

"On my faith, I believe the cunning varlet is right," said Edward.

"Thou givest thyself strange licence, sirrah," said Seymour to the dwarf; "but if thou takest any more such liberties with me, thine ears shall pay for thine impertinence."

"One of them has paid for it already," rejoined Xit, taking refuge behind the youthful monarch. "Mine ears are the king's, and if your lordship deprives me of them you will do his majesty a wrong. Saving your presence, sire, you have been brought here on a fool's errand, and it is for your faithful dwarf to bring you off with credit—as he hath done."

"Wisdom sometimes proceeds from the lips of




fools," observed Edward; "and we have learnt more from thy folly than we might have done from our discernment. That some misunderstanding exists is evident—whence originating we care not to inquire—but it must be set to rights. Come, good aunt," to Lady Hertford, "you shall go back with us. As to you, gentle uncle," he added, with a gracious smile, to Sir Thomas, "since neither the queen our mother, nor the princess our sister, seem to desire your company, we will relieve them of it, and will pray you to attend us in an inspection of our armoury."

Saluting the queen-dowager and Elizabeth, he quitted the chamber with Lady Hertford and Sir Thomas; the pages and henchmen, with Xit and Fowler, following him.

Sir Thomas Seymour remained for some time in attendance upon his royal nephew, and though by no means in a lively mood, he contrived to disguise his feelings so effectually, and conversed with

such apparent gaiety and animation, that it was quite impossible to suspect he had any secret cause of uneasiness.

Accompanied by his uncle, the young king visited the Tower armoury and examined the formidable store of military engines at that time collected within it—bombards, culverins, sakers, and falconets, with portable fire-arms, as harquebuses, demi-haques, and dags. Edward next turned his attention to the armour, noting the breastplates of the globose form then in use, with the cuisses, casques, and gauntlets. Swords of all shapes and sizes, from the huge two-handed blade to the beautiful damascened rapier, next underwent a careful inspection, with other offensive weapons then in use, as lances, battle-axes, partisans, and martels. While pointing out such of these implements as were most worthy of the young king's notice, Seymour endeavoured to profit by the occasion to inflame his breast with a love of military renown, and to a certain extent succeeded.



Edward's cheek glowed and his eye flashed as he listened to his uncle's soldier-like details of certain incidents in the late war with France.

"In time I doubt not your majesty will lead your armies in person," observed Seymour, in conclusion, "and then our foes may find that England possesses another Edward, valiant as the third of that name, or as the Black Prince, his warrior son."

"Hereafter it may be so," returned the king, with a gracious smile. "But, meanwhile, we must entrust the command of our armies to those better able to lead them than ourself."

"Ah! here is a weapon that merits your majesty's attention," exclaimed Seymour, taking down a large two-handed sword. "With this very blade your august sire often fought at the barriers with the Duke of Suffolk, who alone was his match. Your highness will scarce wield it."

"Let me try," cried Edward, taking the mighty weapon, and vainly endeavouring to make a sweep

with it. "Nay, in good sooth it is above my strength," he added, resigning the weapon to his uncle.

"I will teach your majesty so to handle it that it shall defend you against ten ordinary blades," cried Sir Thomas. "As thus;" and stepping backwards to a sufficient distance, he whirled round the immense blade with extraordinary quickness—delivering a thrust with it, and instantly afterwards a downright blow. "An enemy would have fallen for each of those blows," he continued, laughing. "But the sword may be held with the left hand, and a thrust delivered in this manner," accompanying the words with a suitable action. "But there is danger that your adversary may seize the blade, and pluck it from you."

"So I should judge," replied Edward. "Dost think thou couldst lift that sword?" he added to Xit, who was regarding Sir Thomas Seymour's performance with admiration.

"I nothing doubt my ability to wield it, sire; ay, and to deliver a thrust with it for the matter of that," replied the dwarf, confidently. "I have borne Og's partisan, which is a larger weapon."

"Give it him, gentle uncle," said the king.

"'Tis not a toy for his hands," cried Sir Thomas, flinging down the mighty sword with a clatter that made Xit skip backwards in affright. But he presently returned, and grasping the pommel with both hands, strove, but ineffectually, to describe a circle with the weapon. After repeated efforts, which put his own head in some danger, and caused the king much merriment, Xit was obliged to desist, and confess that the sword was too heavy for him.

Sir Thomas next explained to the king the various wards, thrusts, and blows that could be practised with bill, partisan, and halberd, illustrating his remarks with the weapons in question,



which he handled with the greatest dexterity. The lesson over, Edward returned to the palace, and sending for Sir John Cheke and Doctor Cox, applied himself diligently to his studies, while Seymour, glad to be released, proceeded to the Wardrobe Tower.

## XIV.

SHOWING HOW UGO HARRINGTON WAS ADMITTED INTO SIR  
THOMAS SEYMOUR'S CONFIDENCE.

ON entering his own chamber, Sir Thomas at once threw off the mask, and his esquire, perceiving from the expression of his countenance that something had gone wrong, forbore to address him, but watched him with a strange sort of smile as he flung himself angrily on a couch. After awhile, Seymour broke the silence.

"Thou canst partly guess what has happened, Ugo," he said. "But it is worse than even thy imagination can conceive. I have lost them both."

"Diavolo! both! In what way, monsignore?"

"The last person on earth I should have desired or looked for was a secret witness of my interview with the princess; and at the very moment I made sure of the prize, it was snatched from my grasp. When I tell thee that Queen Catherine stepped from behind the arras, where she had lain *perdue*, listening to all my love-speeches to the princess, and registering all my vows, thou wilt conceive the scene that followed. Her majesty looked as if she could have poniarded me, as thy amiable Florentines sometimes do their faithless lovers. But this was nothing to the reproaches I had to endure on both sides. They are ringing in my ears even now."

"The situation must have been the reverse of pleasant. And you failed in reconciling yourself with either of the fair ones, eh, monsignore?"

"Failed utterly, Ugo. The princess'is certainly lost; and I fear the queen also."

"Per dio! that is unlucky. You will remember I had misgivings when your lordship embarked on this adventure."

"Would I had followed thy counsel, Ugo, and remained constant to Catherine. But I was enslaved by the charms of the bewitching Elizabeth, whom even now that she scorns me I adore."

"You say she is lost?"

"Alas! yes, Ugo—irrecoverably lost."

"In that case, think of her no more, but turn your thoughts wholly on the queen—that is, if you have any hope of retrieving your position with her majesty."

"I do not entirely despair of a reconciliation, Ugo. But it will be difficult to effect."

"Via, via, monsignore. Every great object is difficult of attainment. You have often told me your ruling passion is ambition. But you appear to have misjudged yourself."

"I told thee the truth," cried Seymour, spring-

ing from the couch. Ambition is my ruling passion, and all others must bow to it. Henceforth, I shall think only of my advancement. Hark thee, Ugo, thou knowest something of my projects, but thou shalt know more, for I can trust thee." The esquire bowed and smiled. "I owe the Lord Protector little brotherly love, for he has ever shown himself my enemy. For years he has striven to keep me down, but unsuccessfully, for I have risen in spite of him. Had my sister, Queen Jane, lived, I should have mounted rapidly, for she preferred me to her elder brother; but when I lost her, I lost much of Henry's favour. And why?—because my brother Edward feared I should supplant him. Thus, when Henry would have ennobled me and enriched me, as he had ennobled and enriched Edward, I was passed by as of no account. Can I forget such treatment? Never!"

"I marvel not at your resentment, monsignore."

"Neither wilt thou marvel at the reprisals I

mean to take for the wrong I have endured. Hertford's jealousy pursued me to the last with the king. He could not prevent certain marks of favour being bestowed upon me, nor altogether check the liking Henry had for me, and which manifested itself in various ways, but he so misrepresented me, that I never obtained the king's confidence—neither would his majesty confer any important trust upon me. Many posts for which I was specially fitted became vacant while Hertford was at the head of affairs, but his malignant influence was ever at work with the king, and I was overlooked. By my brother's arts, and his alone, I was excluded from the list of Henry's executors, and degraded to the lower council, though my rightful place was with the upper. But this last injustice would have been redressed had Henry lived a short space longer. Sir John Gage and myself were kept from the dying king's presence till he could no longer cause his behests to be obeyed. Something strange there was in the sign-

ing of the will, Ugo, that inclines me to suspect all was not right; and Sir John is of my opinion, though he keeps a close tongue about the matter. In my belief the king was dead, or dying, when the will was stamped—for stamped it was, not signed.”

“If such were the case, monsignore, the perpetrators of the fraud shall scarce escape the punishment due to their offence.”

“Neither in this world nor the next shall they escape it,” rejoined Seymour, sternly. “What Henry’s intentions were I know from Sir John Gage—how they were frustrated is best known to my brother. But not only has Hertford made me no reparation for the great wrong done me by him, but his jealousy has latterly increased to positive hate. My influence, he feels, is greater with our royal nephew than his own. Therefore he fears me, and would remove me altogether if he could. Luckily, that is not in his power. I am too strong

for him now," he added, with a bitter smile, "and he will find it difficult to crush me, or even keep me down much longer. He thinks to appease me by making me Baron Seymour of Sudley, and High Admiral of England. That is something, and I shall refuse neither the title nor the post. But they will not content me. Hertford would have all power and greatness concentrate in himself, and leave little save the skirts to me. He hath made himself Lord Protector and governor of the king's person—the latter office should be mine—would be mine now, if the king had his way—shall be mine hereafter!"

"May your expectations be fulfilled, monsignore!" exclaimed Ugo.

"Thou wilt see," rejoined Seymour, with a significant smile. "But to make an end of my grievances. Not only has Hertford taken the two most important offices in the state to himself, but he means to add to them the dignities of Lord



High Treasurer and Earl Marshal, forfeited by the Duke of Norfolk's attainder, with the style and title of Duke of Somerset."

"His highness takes good care of himself, it must be owned," observed Ugo.

"Let him look well to his seat if he would keep it," rejoined Seymour, "for by my father's head I will not rest till I supplant him and instal myself in his place. What he fears will come to pass. By surrendering to me half the spoil, he might have kept me quiet, but now I will be satisfied only with the whole. I will be Duke, Protector, Governor, Lord High Treasurer, Earl Marshal—all. And he shall be—less than I am now!"

"His highness will richly have deserved his fate should it so befall him."

"The condition of parties is favourable to my project," pursued Seymour. "Beneath the crust of the volcano lurks a fire ready to burst forth on the slightest disturbance of the surface. The

ancient nobility hate my brother, and unwillingly submit to him; while, on the contrary, they are friendly to me. With the Romanists I stand far better than he does, because, though I profess the New Faith, I am tolerant of the Old, and care not to pursue the Reformation further. My plan will be that of the late king, who showed his sagacity in the course he pursued, namely, to make one sect balance the other, and give neither the preponderance. By allying himself so closely with the Reformers, Hertford will incur the bitter hostility of the Papists, and on this I count. My faction will soon be stronger than his. And he must walk warily if I cannot catch him tripping. Then let him look to himself."

"Your lordship's influence with the king is the best guarantee for the success of your project," remarked Ugo. "If the council could likewise be won, the rest were easy."

"I have already sounded several of them, but I must proceed cautiously, lest I awaken my

brother's suspicions. The Lord Chancellor is discontented ; and the Earl of Arundel, Lord St. John, the Bishop of Durham, and Sir Anthony Brown, are sure to become alienated when further attempts are made by Cranmer to deepen the quarrel with the See of Rome. Disunion must ensue, and at that critical juncture I shall step in at the head of a powerful party, and grasp the reins of government. In anticipation of such an event, it shall be my business to secure the king's person. I do not desire to stir up rebellion, but rather than miss my mark I will do so; and if a revolt occurs, it shall not want a leader."

"Your lordship is a conspirator on a grand scale—a second Catiline!" observed Ugo, smiling in his singular way.

"This is a time when plots must needs be rife, for all is disjointed and unsettled," observed Seymour. "A king on the throne who is king only by name—ministers who would usurp supreme authority—conflicting parties both in Church and

State—an old nobility detesting those recently created—a new nobility rapacious and insatiable—a discontented, oppressed, and overtaxed people,—out of these troubled elements plots and conspiracies must arise—and some besides my own I can already see are hatching.”

“Da vero, monsignore?” exclaimed Ugo, with an inquiring look.

“Ay, indeed,” rejoined Seymour. “My brother is not firm enough to hold his place against the difficulties and dangers certain to beset him, even if he had nothing to fear from me,” observed Seymour. “Lord Lisle feigns to be his friend, but I suspect he nourishes secret designs against him.”

“Methought Lord Lisle was a partisan of your lordship,” remarked Ugo, with a certain disquietude.

“I will not trust him further till I feel more sure of him. What is thy opinion of Lisle, Ugo? Speak out. Thou know’st him.”

"Not enough to judge him correctly, monsignore," replied the esquire. "But I am sure he could help you greatly if he would."

"Not a doubt of it," replied Seymour. "Lisle is precisely the man for my purpose; he is daring, ambitious, and troubled with few scruples. See what thou canst do with him, Ugo, but do not commit me."

"Rest easy, monsignore."

"Be liberal in thy offers; hold out any temptation thou pleasest."

"All shall be done as you desire. But hark! there is some one in the waiting-chamber."

"'Tis Dorset! I know his voice," cried Seymour. "What brings him here? Pray Heaven he has not heard of my quarrel with the queen!"

"That is not likely," replied the esquire. "Her majesty will keep her own counsel. But here comes his lordship. Shall I retire, monsignore?"

"Ay, but remain within call."

As Ugo withdrew, the marquis was ushered in by a page, and very heartily welcomed by Sir Thomas.

"I have come to inquire after your health, good Sir Thomas," observed Dorset. "Methinks you look wondrous well."

"Never better, my dear marquis—never better. How fares my lady marchioness, and your daughter, the fair Lady Jane? Have you reflected on my proposition?"

"Ahem?—yes," hesitated the other. "I almost fear I shall be obliged to decline it."

"He *has* heard of the quarrel," thought Seymour. "Your lordship is the best judge of your own affairs," he said, in an indifferent tone. "Without me the union we spoke of will not take place. You are aware, I suppose, that the Lord Protector intends to affiance the king to the infant Queen of Scots, who promises to be of extraordinary beauty."

"Ay, but the Scots refuse the treaty of mar-

riage proposed by the late king for their infant queen," replied Dorset. "If Henry the Eighth failed, the Lord Protector is not likely to prove successful."

"The acceptance of the treaty may be enforced by the sword—a mode of settlement which the Lord Protector will assuredly try, if he be not prevented."

"But other powers will not permit the alliance. King Francis is opposed to it."

"His Most Christian Majesty will not long outlast his royal brother, Henry, if what I hear of him from his ambassador be true. The opposition of France will be useless. Rather than suffer the horrors of war, the Scots will consent to the treaty. My royal nephew's affiancement with the youthful Queen Mary, I repeat, *will* take place—if it be not prevented."

"But who shall prevent it?" cried the marquis.

Seymour smiled, as who should say, "I can

prevent it, if I choose." But he did not give utterance to the words.

"I fear you somewhat overrate your power, Sir Thomas."

"Not a whit, my dear marquis. I promise nothing that I will not perform." Approaching close to Dorset, he said in his ear, "I undertake to marry your daughter, the Lady Jane, to my royal nephew. But she must be committed to my charge."

"But you must be wedded before you can take charge of her—well wedded, Sir Thomas. An exalted personage like her majesty the queen-dowager, for instance, would be precisely the guardian I should desire for my daughter."

"I was certain he had heard of the quarrel," thought Seymour. "Well, marquis," he said, "suppose the Lady Jane Grey should be entrusted to her majesty?"

"Ah! then, indeed—but no! that cannot be."



“Why not? I see what has happened. My mischief-making sister-in-law, Lady Hertford, has informed the marchioness that there has been a trifling misunderstanding between the queen and myself.”

“Not a trifling misunderstanding, as I hear—for I will confess that a hint of the matter has been given me—but a violent quarrel, caused by her highness’s jealousy of the princess. Ah! Sir Thomas—what it is to be the handsomest man at court! But you have thrown away a great chance of aggrandisement.”

“Nonsense! I have thrown away no chance, as you will find, my dear marquis. My amiable sister-in-law has made the most of the quarrel, which was of her own contrivance, and designed not to annoy me, but the queen, whose affronts to her at the banquet Lady Hertford seeks to avenge. The disagreement between myself and her majesty is of no moment—a mere lovers’ quarrel—and will be speedily set right.”

"Right glad am I to hear you say so, Sir Thomas—right glad, for your own sake."

"And for yours as well, my dear marquis. If I marry not the queen, your daughter marries not the king."

"That is coming to the point, Sir Thomas.

"I never go roundabout when a straight course will serve my turn. And now, marquis, am I to have the disposal of the Lady Jane's hand?"

"Ah, marry, Sir Thomas, and I shall be greatly beholden to you."

"Is there aught more I can do to content your lordship?"

"I do not like to trouble you too much, Sir Thomas, but I happen at this moment to have occasion for a few hundred pounds—say five hundred—and if you can, without inconvenience, lend me the amount, I shall be infinitely indebted to you. Any security you may require——"

"No security is needed, marquis. Your word will suffice. I am enchanted to be able to oblige

you—not now, but at all times. What ho, Ugo!” he cried; adding, as the esquire, who was within ear-shot, promptly answered the summons, “Here is the key of my coffer. Count out five hundred pounds in gold, and let that sum be conveyed to the Marquis of Dorset’s apartments.”

Ugo took the small gold key from his patron, bowed, and retired.

“If I had asked him for double the amount he would have given it,” muttered Dorset. “But I will have the rest at some other time. You are very confident in your esquire’s honesty, Sir Thomas?” he added, aloud.

“With good reason, my lord. I have proved it.”

At this moment a page entered, and announced: “The king!” Immediately afterwards Edward was ceremoniously ushered into the chamber by Fowler. The rest of the young monarch’s attendants, amongst whom was Xit, remained in the ante-chamber.

"Having finished my studies, gentle uncle," he cried, "I am come to have an hour's recreation with you. Shall we walk forth upon the ramparts?" Sir Thomas bowed assent. "I would have had my sister Elizabeth's company, but she is out of sorts, and prayed to be excused. Ah! gentle uncle, you are to blame there. You have done something to offend her. But I must have you friends again. I cannot let two persons I love so much remain at variance."

"Nay, your majesty, there is no difference between us."

"I am sure there is, and between the queen, our mother, also—but we will set it right. You also shall bear us company in our walk, if you will, my lord of Dorset. How doth our fair cousin, the Lady Jane?"

"My daughter is well—quite well, my gracious liege," replied Dorset. "Like your majesty, she pursues her studies even in the Tower. I left her but now reading the *Phædo* of Plato."

"Then we will not disturb her, for she cannot be better employed. Otherwise, we should have been glad to converse with her during our walk."

"Nay, I am sure the Lady Jane would prefer your majesty's society to that of the greatest heathen philosopher—even than that of the divine Plato," observed Seymour.

"I know not that," replied Edward, smiling. "Our cousin Jane loves books better than society. Ere long, you will have good reason to be proud of your daughter's erudition, my lord marquis."

"I will say for the Lady Jane Grey what her father could not say for her," interposed Seymour, "that she is pious as wise, and gentle as pious. Her virtues fit her for a throne."

"You speak enthusiastically, gentle uncle," said Edward. "Yet you go not beyond the truth. Such is my own opinion of my cousin. But she must not study overmuch. A little exercise will do her good. How say you, my lord of Dorset?"

"I will bring her to your majesty forthwith,"

replied the marquis. "'Twill delight her to obey you."

"You will find us on the northern ramparts," said Edward, as Dorset, with a profound obeisance, withdrew. "You are right, gentle uncle," he observed, as soon as they were alone. "My cousin Jane would adorn a throne. I would I might wed such another."

"Why not wed the Lady Jane herself, my liege?" demanded Seymour.

"My uncle the Lord Protector designs to affiance me to the infant Queen of Scots."

"But if your majesty prefers the Lady Jane?"

"I shall have no choice," sighed Edward.

"Consult me before you assent to any betrothal, sire."

"I will," replied Edward, with a smile, as he went forth with his uncle.

## XV.

OF XIT'S PERILOUS FLIGHT ACROSS THE TOWER MOAT ON  
PACOLET'S HORSE.

ACCOMPANIED by Seymour, and followed by Fowler and Xit, with a train of pages and henchmen, Edward ascended to the outer ballium wall by a flight of stone steps opposite the Broad Arrow Tower, and proceeded slowly towards the large circular bastion, known as the Brass Mount, situated on the north-eastern extremity of the ramparts. Here he halted, and tried to keep up a conversation with his uncle, but it was evident, from his heedless manner, that his thoughts were absent.

At length Jane appeared upon the ramparts with her father, and uttering an exclamation of delight, the young king hurried off to meet her. When within a few paces of his fair cousin, however, he stopped, as if struck by the indecorum of the proceeding, his cheeks all a-flame, yet not burning a whit more brightly than those of the Lady Jane, who stopped as he stopped, and made him a lowly obeisance. The bashfulness with which Edward had been suddenly afflicted continued until the arrival of Sir Thomas Seymour, whose light laughter and playful remarks soon dissipated it, and he became voluble enough. By his desire the Lady Jane walked on with him, and he at once engaged her in discourse, not upon light and trivial themes, but on grave subjects such as he had discussed with her in the privy-garden. It was good to see them thus occupied, but it would have been better to have listened to their talk. Two such children have rarely come together. Two beings more perfectly adapted to each other



could not be found, and yet——But we will not peer into futurity. The Marquis of Dorset and Sir Thomas Seymour followed at a respectful distance, both enchanted at what was taking place. The latter felt confident of the realisation of his ambitious designs; the former regarded his daughter as already queen.

Nearly an hour passed in this way—the progress of time being unnoted by the young king and his fair companion—when Edward, who had been hitherto almost unobservant of aught save his cousin, remarked that something unusual was taking place on the opposite side of the Tower moat. A large circle had been formed, in the midst of which a mountebank was performing some feats, which seemed, from the shouts and applause they elicited, to astonish and delight the beholders. What the feats were the king could not make out. Soon afterwards the crowd began to disperse, and the mountebank was seen carrying

off a wooden horse, with which no doubt he had been diverting the spectators.

"What tricks hath the fellow been playing with that wooden horse?" inquired the king of Seymour.

"Nay, my liege, it passeth my power to satisfy you," answered Sir Thomas.

"An please your majesty, I can give you the information you seek," said Xit, stepping forward. "'Tis Pacolet, the French saltinbanco, and his Enchanted Steed. To ordinary observation the horse seems made of wood; but Pacolet declares it is endowed with magic power, and will fly with its rider through the air. I have never seen the feat done, so I dare not vouch for the truth of the statement."

"Why, thou simple knave, 'tis an old tale thou art reciting," observed the Lady Jane. "Pacolet's enchanted horse is described in the French romance of Valentine and Orson."

"I know not how that may be, most gracious lady, for I am not well read in French romance," replied Xit, "but yonder fellow is Pacolet, and that is his horse, and a wonderful little horse it is. Your majesty may smile, but I suspect there is magic in it."

"If so, the magician ought to be burned," observed Edward; "but I do not think he is a real dealer in the black art."

"What will you say, sire, when I tell you that this sorcerer—this Pacolet—affirms that his horse can carry me across the Tower moat?"

"When I see it done, I will own that Pacolet is really the magician thou proclaimest him," replied the king. "I am half inclined to test the truth of the fellow's assertion. How say you, fair cousin?" he added to Lady Jane. "Shall we have this Pacolet here, and make him exhibit the wondrous powers of his steed?"

"'Twould be a curious sight, no doubt, if the

man himself were not put in jeopardy," she replied.

"Nay, if the horse be brought, I crave your majesty's permission to ride him?" said Xit. "I have an extraordinary desire to perform the feat."

"But thou mayst break thy neck, and I have no desire to lose thee."

"Your majesty is most gracious, but the risk is nothing compared with the honour to be acquired."

"Let the knave have his way, good my liege," observed Sir Thomas Seymour. "No harm shall befall him. To-morrow afternoon, at this hour, I will have Pacolet and his steed brought hither, and if it shall please your majesty to attend, I will promise you good sport."

"We will not fail you, gentle uncle; and we hope our fair cousin will condescend to be present likewise?"

As may be supposed, the Lady Jane did not

refuse her assent, and after another short turn upon the ramparts, the king and those with him returned to the palace.

On the following afternoon Edward, who had been looking forward with some eagerness to the diversion promised him by his uncle, again appeared on the ramparts, but with a much more numerous retinue than on the previous occasion. In addition to Sir Thomas Seymour and the Marquis of Dorset, the royal party now comprised the Earl of Arundel, lord chamberlain, Sir John Gage, and Sir John Markham. Amongst the ladies, besides the Marchioness of Dorset and her daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, were the Princess Elizabeth and the queen-dowager. The two latter were bidden to the exhibition by the amiable young monarch with the express design of composing the differences which he saw still existed between them and his uncle. But he failed in effecting a reconciliation. Both his sister and the queen remained immovable. Elizabeth treated Sir

Thomas with the utmost disdain, and would not vouchsafe him either a word or a look. Though not so scornful in manner as the princess, Catherine was equally cold and reserved, and haughtily repelled her faithless suitor's advances. Unable to comprehend the cause of the quarrel, Edward was, nevertheless, much distressed by it, and expressed his regrets to his uncle, who shrugged his shoulders carelessly, as if it were a matter that gave him very little concern. Secretly, however, Sir Thomas had used every endeavour to re-establish himself in the queen's good graces. He had besought a private interview, but the request was refused. He had written to her more than one moving epistle, full of regrets, despair, prayers, protestations, and promises. These missives were conveyed by the trusty hand of his esquire, but no response came back. Still Sir Thomas, though rebuffed, was not discouraged. The storm would soon blow over, he thought. After the sharpest frost must come a thaw. The storm, however, was of some

duration, and the frost lasted longer than he anticipated.

Whatever might be passing within, Sir Thomas took care not to let his appearance or manner be affected by it. Gay and full of spirit as ever, he seemed only anxious about his royal nephew's amusement. Seymour's chief aim, in fact, seemed to bring Edward and the Lady Jane together, and if he failed in all else, in this he entirely succeeded. During the whole time he remained on the ramparts, Edward kept his fair cousin near him, and seemed completely engrossed by her, much to the delight of the Marchioness of Dorset, who could not sufficiently express her gratitude to the contriver of the meeting.

But it is time to ascertain what preparations had been made for Xit's aerial expedition. The Brass Mount had been selected as the starting-point of the magic steed. The summit of this bastion, the largest, the loftiest, and the strongest of the Tower fortifications, was capable of accommodating a great

number of persons, but only the royal party and those engaged in the exhibition were admitted upon it. The Brass Mount was defended by high embattled walls, on the inner side of which was a platform, whereon some of the heaviest guns in the fortress were placed, with their muzzles protruding through the crenellated walls. One of these guns had been dismounted, and its carriage appropriated to the Enchanted Horse, which was now set upon it, with its head towards the opening in the parapet, as if ready for flight.

A strange-looking steed it was! ugly as a hobgoblin—large enough undoubtedly for a rider of Xit's proportions, yet not equal in size to a full-grown Shetland pony. It had a singularly weird and wicked-looking head, befitting an animal possessed of supernatural powers, horns as well as ears, and immense eyes, which it could open and shut, and turn in any direction. Only the head, neck, and tail were visible, the body of the horse being covered with red and yellow striped trappings



that reached to the ground. On its head was a shaffron of blood-red plumes. It was furnished with a bridle having very broad reins, and a saddle with a very high peak and crupper; but in lieu of stirrups, a funnel-topped boot dangled on either side. Such was Pacolet's Horse.

The enchanter himself was a swarthy-complexioned man, with quick black eyes, and gipsy features, and probably belonged to the wandering tribe. Habited in a tight-fitting dress of tawny silk, and wearing a brass girdle inscribed with mystic characters, and a tall pointed cap covered with similar figures, he carried a white rod, with a small gilt apple on the top.

On either side of the magic steed, with their huge partisans in hand, stood Gog and Magog. The laughter playing about their broad features showed they were in high good humour, and expectant of entertainment. The dwarfish hero of the day had not yet made his appearance, he being in the king's train.

While the royal party were taking up a position on the platform contiguous to the magic steed, the fantastic appearance of which caused much merriment, Sir Thomas Seymour went up to Pacolet, and after a few words with him, clapped his hands to intimate that all was ready. At this signal the diminutive figure of Xit instantly detached itself from the group of laughing pages and henchmen. Marching with a very consequential step, and bowing ceremoniously to the king as he passed, the dwarf was met half way by Pacolet, who, taking him by the hand, lifted him on to the platform.

"My steed is ready, if you are, good master Xit," said the courteous enchanter. "Will it please you to mount him at once?"

"Not so fast, worthy Pacolet," rejoined Xit, conscious that all eyes were upon him, and anxious to display himself. "Give me a moment to examine thy horse. By my troth! he hath a vicious-looking head."

"You will find him tractable enough when you are on his back," observed Pacolet, displaying two ranges of very white teeth.

"May be so; yet I like not the expression of his eye. It hath malice and devilry in it, as if he would rejoice to throw me. Saints protect us! the beast seemed to wink at me."

"Not unlikely," replied Pacolet, who had placed one hand on the horse's head; "he has a habit of winking when he is pleased."

"Is that a sign of his satisfaction?" observed Xit. "I should have judged the contrary. How is the creature designated?"

"He is called Dædalus—at your service, good master Xit."

"Dædalus!" exclaimed Xit, startled. "Pray Heaven he prove me not an Icarus. I like not the name. 'Tis of ill omen."

"'Tis a name like any other," observed Pacolet, shrugging his shoulders. "So ho! Dædalus—so ho, sir! You see he is eager for flight."

"If thou art afraid to mount, say so at once, and retire," cried Gog, gruffly. "His majesty will be wearied with this trifling."

"I afraid?" exclaimed Xit, indignantly. "When didst ever know me shrink from danger, base giant? One more question, worthy Pacolet, and I have done. What mean those boots?"

"They are designed to encase thy legs, and keep thee in thy seat," rejoined the enchanter.

"But I can maintain my seat without them," returned Xit, with a displeased look.

"A truce to this! Off with thee without more ado!" cried Magog. And seizing the dwarf, he clapped him in the saddle, while Pacolet, without a moment's loss of time, thrust his legs into the boots. Xit was disposed to be rebellious during the latter proceeding, but his strength availed him little, and he was obliged to yield with the best grace he could. At last, Pacolet left him, and went to the rear of the horse.

On this, Xit took his cap, and waving an adieu

to the royal party, all of whom looked much diverted with the scene, kicked his boots against the horse's sides, and shouted, "Away with thee, Dædalus!—away!"

But though he continued the application with increased vigour, the horse would not stir, but emitted an angry snorting sound.

"Pest take him!" cried the dwarf. "He won't move."

"Methought thou hadst been aware of the secret," rejoined Pacolet. "Turn the pin on his right shoulder, and he will move quickly enough."

Xit followed the enchanter's instructions, and Dædalus immediately began to glide through the opening in the parapet, not so quickly, though, but that his adventurous little rider was again enabled to wave his cap to the king. In another moment the dwarf had disappeared, and a hurried movement was made to the edge of the battlements to see what had become of him.

It was then perceptible to those nearest to the point of departure how the flight was to be accomplished. Two long pieces of wire, sufficiently strong to sustain the weight required, but nearly invisible at a short distance, were drawn across the moat from the bastion to the opposite bank, and along these wires the enchanted horse slipped, being guided in its descent by a cord fixed to its crupper—which cord was held by Pacolet. A large crowd was collected on the banks of the moat; but the spot where the wires were fastened down, and where it was expected the dwarf would descend, was kept clear by Og and half a dozen tall yeomen of the guard.

No sooner did Xit, mounted on the wooden horse, issue from the battlements, than a loud shout was raised by the beholders, to which the delighted dwarf responded by waving his hat to them, and he then commenced his downward course in the most triumphant manner. His exultation increased

as he advanced; but it cost him dear. While replying to the cheers with which he was greeted, he leaned too much towards the left, and the horse immediately turned over, leaving his rider hanging head downwards over the moat.

The shouts of laughter were instantly changed to cries of affright, but no assistance could be rendered the unfortunate dwarf, for Pacolet vainly tried to pull him up again. The spectators, however, were not kept long in suspense. Xit's struggles soon disengaged his legs from the boots, and he dropped headlong into the moat, and disappeared beneath the tide.

But rescue was at hand. With the utmost promptitude Og dashed into the fosse, and waded out to the spot where Xit had sunk, which was about the middle of the moat. Though the water quickly reached up to his shoulders, the giant went on until the head of the mannikin suddenly popped up beside him. With a shout of satisfac-

tion Og then seized him, held him aloft like a dripping water-rat, and bore him safely ashore, amid the laughter and acclamations of the beholders.



## XVI.

IN WHAT MANNER THE OBSEQUIES OF KING HENRY VIII.  
WERE CELEBRATED.—SHOWING HOW THE FUNERAL PRO-  
CESSION SET FORTH FROM THE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

THE time appointed for placing the late king within the tomb now drew nigh, and as the obsequies were the most magnificent ever celebrated in this country, or perhaps in any other, we may be excused for dwelling upon them at some length; the rather, that besides presenting a very striking illustration of the customs of an age that delighted in shows and solemnities of all kinds, the extraordinary honours paid to Henry on his interment

prove the estimation in which his memory was held by his subjects ; and that notwithstanding the tyranny of his rule, he was regarded as a mighty monarch. By its unprecedented splendour, his burial worthily closed a reign which was one long pageant—a pageant for the most part gorgeous ; sometimes gloomy, tragical, and even awful ; but ever grand and imposing. Luckily, ample materials for accurate description are provided for us, and we shall avail ourselves freely of them, in order to present a full account of the most remarkable Royal Funeral on record.

Embalmed by apothecaries and surgeons of greatest skill in the art, wrapped in cerecloth of many folds, and in an outer cover of cloth of vair and velvet, bound with cords of silk, the corpse of the puissant monarch was at first laid out on the couch wherein he had expired, with a scroll sewn on the breast containing his titles and the date of his demise, written in large and small characters. The body was next cased in lead, and deposited

in a second coffin of oak, elaborately sculptured, and of enormous size.

Enveloped in a pall of blue velvet, whereon was laid a silver cross, the ponderous coffin was removed to the privy-chamber, and set upon a large frame covered with cloth of gold, where it remained for five days; during which time lights were constantly burning within the chamber, a watch kept night and day by thirty gentlemen of the privy-chamber, and masses and orisons offered for the repose of the soul of the departed monarch by the chaplains.

Meanwhile, all the approaches to the chapel within the palace were hung with black, and garnished with escutcheons of the king's arms, descents, and marriages; while in the chapel itself the floor and walls were covered with black cloth, the sides and ceiling set with banners and standards of Saint George, and the high altar covered with black velvet, and adorned with magnificent plate and jewels. In the midst of the sacred apartment,

surrounded by barriers, clothed with black, with a smaller altar at its foot, adorned like the high altar with plate and jewels, was set a superb catafalque, garnished with pensils and escutcheons, and having at each corner the banner of a saint beaten in fine gold upon damask. A majesty of rich cloth of gold, with a valance of black silk fringed with black silk and gold, canopied this catafalque, which was lighted by fourscore square tapers, each two feet in length, and containing altogether two thousand pounds' weight of wax.

In regard to some of the accessories here particularised, or which will be subsequently mentioned, it may be remarked, that the "Banner," which could be borne by none of inferior degree to a banneret, was square in form, and displayed the arms of the sovereign all over it. The "Standard" differed in shape from the banner, being much longer, and slit at the extremity. This ensign did not display armorial bearings. The "Pennon" was less than the standard, rounded

at the extremity, and charged with arms. "Bannerols" were banners of great width, representing alliances and descents. "Pensils" were small flags shaped like the vanes on pinnacles. Banners of saints and images were still used at the time of Henry's interment, when, as will be seen, many of the rites of the Church of Rome were observed.

On Wednesday, 2nd of February, 1547, being Candlemas-day, during the night, the coffin, having been covered with a rich pall of cloth of tissue, crossed with white tissue, and garnished with escutcheons of the king's arms, was removed with great ceremony and reverence to the chapel, where it was placed on the catafalque, all the tapers about which had been previously lighted. A rich cloth of gold, adorned with precious stones, was then thrown over the coffin.

On the day after the removal of the royal corpse, the Marquis of Dorset, as chief mourner, with twelve other noblemen, foremost among whom

were the Earls of Arundel, Oxford, Shrewsbury, Derby, and Sussex, assembled in the pallet-chamber, arrayed in sable weeds, with hoods over their heads, and thence proceeded in order, two and two, to the chapel—the chief mourner marching first, with his train borne after him. Officers of arms and gentlemen ushers headed the solemn procession, which was closed by the vice-chamberlain and other officials, all in suits of woe. On arriving at the catafalque, the Marquis of Dorset knelt down at its head, and his companions on either side of it.

Then Norroy, king of arms, appearing at the door of the choir, cried with a loud voice, “Of your charity pray for the soul of the high and most mighty prince, our late sovereign lord and king, Henry VIII.”

Next, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, and Bonner, Bishop of London, came forth from the revestry in their full robes, and proceeding to the high altar, a solemn

requiem was sung, the whole choir joining in the hymn.

Here the body remained for three days, constant watch being kept about it, and the tapers continuing ever burning. The solemnities connected with the burial were to occupy as many more days. The royal corpse was to be conveyed with all possible ceremony to Windsor Castle. The first day's halt was to be at the convent of Sion. On the second day, Windsor was to be reached. On the third day, the interment was to take place in Saint George's Chapel.

At an early hour on the morning of Monday, 14th February, the solemn ceremonial began. The shades of night had not yet wholly fled, but abundance of flaming torches cast a strange and lurid light on the gates, towers, and windows of the palace, and on the numerous dusky groups collected in its courts.

Before the great hall door was drawn up a right noble funeral chariot, whereunto were har-

nessed seven Flanders horses of the largest size, wholly trapped in black velvet down to the pasterns, each horse bearing four escutcheons of the late king's arms, beaten in fine gold upon double sarcenet, upon his trappings, and having a shaffron of the king's arms on his head. The car was marvellous to behold. It was of immense size, and its wheels, being thickly gilt, looked as if made of burnished gold. The lower part of the vehicle was hung with blue velvet, reaching to the ground between the wheels; and the upper part consisted of a stupendous canopy, supported by four pillars overlaid with cloth of gold, the canopy being covered with the same stuff, and having in the midst of it a richly gilt dome. Within the car was laid a thick mattress of cloth of gold and tissue fringed with blue silk and gold.

After the funeral car had thus taken up its station, there issued from the chapel a solemn train, consisting of mitred prelates in their copes,



and temporal lords in mourning habits, the bishops walking two and two, and reciting prayers as they moved along. Then came the coffin, borne by sixteen stout yeomen of the guard, under a rich canopy of blue velvet fringed with silk and gold, sustained by blue staves with tops of gold, each staff being borne by a baron—namely, the Lords Abergavenny, Conyers, Latimer, Fitzwalter, Bray, and Cromwell. After the coffin followed the Marquis of Dorset and the twelve mourners, the latter walking two and two. Many torch-bearers attended the procession, the greater number marching on either side of the body. When the coffin had been reverently placed within the chariot, a pall of cloth of gold was cast over it.

Then was brought forward an object, considered the grand triumph of the show, which excited wonder and admiration in all who looked upon it. This was an effigy of the departed monarch, beautifully sculptured in wood by the most skilful carver of the day, and painted by a

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hand no less cunning than that of Holbein himself. Bedecked in Henry's own habiliments of cloth of gold and velvet, enriched with precious stones of all kinds, this image had a marvellous and life-like effect. In the right hand was placed a golden sceptre, while the left sustained the orb of the world with a cross. Upon the head was set a crown imperial of inestimable value. Over the shoulders was the collar of the Garter, and below the knee was the lesser badge of the order as worn by the king himself in his lifetime. The attitude of the figure was noble and commanding, and exactly like that of the imperious monarch.

Borne by the three gigantic warders of the Tower, who seemed not a little proud of their office, this image was placed in the chariot under the superintendence of Fowler and other gentlemen of the privy-chamber, its feet resting upon a cushion of cloth of gold, and its upright position being secured by silken bands fastened to the four pillars of the car.

The effigy of the king being fixed in its place, six bannerols of marriages and descents were hung on either side of the chariot, and one bannerol at each end. All being now arranged, Sir Anthony Denny and Sir William Herbert, chief gentlemen of the privy-chamber, entered the car, stationing themselves, the one at the head of the coffin, and the other at its foot.

During these preparations, which occupied a considerable time, a vast crowd had collected within the precincts of the palace, and this assemblage began now to manifest impatience in various ways. Even the solemnity of the occasion did not prevent many quarrels and scuffles, which the halberdiers and mounted pursuivants of arms strove in vain to check. As the time advanced, and the crowd grew denser, these disturbances became more frequent, and the guard had enough to do to keep the tumultuous and noisy throng outside the barriers, which extended from the palace gates beyond Charing-cross, the whole of this space being filled by count-

less spectators, while every window was occupied, and every roof had its cluster of human beings.

Just as the bell of Westminster Abbey tolled forth the hour of eight, the great bell of Saint Paul's, never rung save on the death or funeral of a monarch, began its awful boom, and amidst the slow and solemn sounding of bells from every adjacent steeple, coupled with the rolling of muffled drums, the funeral procession set forth from the courts of the palace.

First rode two porters of the king's house, bearing long black staves; after them came the sergeant of the vestry, with the verger; next, the cross, with the children, clerks, and priests of the chapel, in their surplices, singing orisons. On either side of this train, from the cross to the dean of the chapel, walked two hundred and fifty poor men, in long mourning gowns and hoods, having badges on the left shoulder—the red and white cross, in a sun shining, with the crown imperial above it. Each of these men carried a long blazing

torch, and the number of these flambeaux made an extraordinary show. Two carts laden with additional torches for use during the progress of the procession, attended them. This division was closed by the bearer of the Dragon standard, with a serjeant-at-arms holding a mace on either side of him. Backwards and forwards along the line rode mounted pursuivants to keep order.

Next came a long train of harbingers, servants of ambassadors, trumpeters, chaplains, esquires, and officers of the household, according to degree.

After this miscellaneous troop came the standard of the Greyhound, borne by Sir Nicholas Stanley, with a serjeant-of-arms on either side. Next followed the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, and after them the knights bannerets, chaplains of dignity, and all those of the king's household who were knights, with other notable strangers. This division was under the conduct of two heralds and other officers, who rode from standard to standard to keep order.

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Next came the standard of the Lion, borne by Lord Windsor, hooded and trapped, and attended by two sergeants with maces. He was followed by the lower council, walking two and two; by the lords of the council; and by a long line of noble strangers and ambassadors. With the ambassador of the Emperor Charles V. came the Archbishop of Canterbury. Order was maintained by four mounted heralds.

Next came the embroidered Banner of the King's Arms, borne by Lord Talbot, with his hood drawn over his head, and his horse trapped in black. Then followed Carlisle, herald of arms, bearing the king's helm and crest, his horse being trapped and garnished. Then Norroy, king at arms, bearing the target. Then Clarencieux, with the king's rich coat of arms curiously embroidered. All these had escutcheons on the trappings of their horses, and were under the guidance of sergeants of arms, furnished with maces.

The funeral car now came in sight. Before

it were carried twelve banners of descents, the bearers walking two and two. Led by grooms in mourning apparel, the seven great horses appointed to drag along the ponderous machine were ridden by children of honour, arrayed in black, with hoods on their heads, each of them carrying a bannerol of the king's dominions and of the ancient arms of England. On either side of the horses walked thirty persons in sable attire, holding tall flaming staff-torches. Besides these there were numerous grooms and pages.

At each corner of the car walked a knight, with a banner of descents; and on either side of it rode three others, cloaked and hooded, their steeds being trapped in black to the ground. Those on the right were Sir Thomas Seymour, Sir Thomas Heneage, and Sir Thomas Paston; those on the left were Sir John Gage, Sir Thomas Darcy, and Sir Maurice Berkeley.

In the rear of the funeral car rode the chief mourner, the Marquis of Dorset, alone, with his

horse trapped in black velvet, and after him came the twelve mourners, with their steeds trapped to the ground. After the mourners rode the Earl of Arundel, lord chamberlain of the household, with his hood on his shoulder, to intimate that he was not a mourner. After the lord chamberlain came Sir Anthony Brown, master of the horse, bare-headed, and leading the king's favourite milk-white steed, trapped all in cloth of gold down to the ground.

Nine mounted henchmen followed next, clad in suits of woe and hooded, their horses trapped to the ground, and having shaffrons on their heads, and themselves bearing bannerols of the arms of England before the Conquest.

Then followed Sir Francis Bryan, master of the henchmen. Then Sir Anthony Wingfield, vice-chamberlain and captain of the guard, followed by a large company of the guard, in black, marching three and three, each with a halberd on his shoulder, with the point downwards. A long line



of noblemen's servants and others closed the cortége.

It was now broad day, though dull and foggy, but the countless torches lighted up the procession, and gave it a strange, ghostly look. Thus seen, the black, hooded figures appeared mysterious and awful. But it was upon the stupendous funeral car that all regards were concentrated. So wonderfully life-like was the effigy of the king, that not a few among the credulous and half-informed spectators thought Henry himself had returned to earth to superintend his own funeral ceremony; while on all hands the image was regarded as a miracle of art. Exclamations of wonder and delight arose on all sides as it went by, and many persons knelt down as if a saint were being borne along. The head of the cortége had passed Spring Gardens some time before the rear issued from the courts of the palace, and, seen from Charing-cross, the long line of dusky figures, with the standards, banners, torches, and chariot, presented such a

spectacle as has never since been seen from that spot, though many a noble procession has in after times pursued the same route.

At the foot of the noble Gothic cross a crowd of persons had been collected from an early hour. Amongst them was a tall Franciscan friar, who maintained a moody silence, and who regarded the pageant with so much sternness and scorn that many marvelled he should have come thither to look upon it. When the ponderous funeral car, after toiling its way up the ascent, came to the Cross, a brief halt was called, and during this pause the tall monk pressed forward, and throwing back his hood, so as fully to display his austere and death-pale features, lighted up by orbs blazing with insane light, stretched out his hand towards the receptacle of the royal corpse, and exclaimed, with a loud voice, "In the plenitude of his power I rebuked for his sinfulness the wicked king whom ye now bear to the tomb with all this senseless pomp. Inspired from above, I lifted up my voice,

and told him, that as his life had been desperately wicked, so his doom should be that of the worst of kings, 'and dogs would lick his blood. And ere yet he shall be laid in the tomb my words will come to pass."

At this juncture two pursuivants rode up and threatened to brain the rash speaker with their maces, but some of the crowd screened him from their rage.

"Strike him not!" cried an elderly man of decent appearance. "He is crazed. 'Tis the mad Franciscan, Father Peto. Make way for him there! Let him pass!" he added to those behind, who charitably complying, the monk escaped uninjured.

## XVII.

WHAT WAS SEEN AND HEARD AT MIDNIGHT BY THE WATCHERS  
IN THE CONVENTUAL CHURCH AT SION.

BEAUTIFULLY situated on the banks of the Thames, between Brentford and Isleworth, and about midway between the metropolis and Windsor, stood the suppressed Convent of Sion, selected as the first halting-place of the funeral cortége. In this once noble, but now gloomy and desecrated monastery, which had been stripped of all its wealth and endowments by the rapacious monarch, was confined the lovely but ill-fated Catherine Howard, who had poured forth her unavailing

intercessions for mercy from on high at the altar near which, later on, the body of her tyrant husband was to rest, and who had been taken thence, half frantic with terror, to die by his ruthless decree on the scaffold. Guilt she might have, but what was her guilt compared with that of her inexorable husband and judge!

Shortly after the events about to be narrated, Sion was bestowed by Edward VI. on his uncle, the Lord Protector; but from the time of its suppression up to this period, it had been, comparatively speaking, deserted. Reverting to the crown, the estate was next granted to the Duke of Northumberland, on whose attainder it was once more forfeited. The monastery was restored and re-endowed by Mary—but it is needless to pursue its history further.

Mighty preparations had now been made within the neglected convent for the lodging and accommodation of the immense funeral retinue. Luckily, the building was of great extent, and its halls and

chambers, though decaying and dilapidated, capable of holding an incredible number of persons. Their capacity in this respect was now about to be thoroughly tested. Hospitality, at the period of our history, was practised at seasons of woe on as grand and profuse a scale as at festivities and rejoicings, and the extraordinary supplies provided for the consumption of the guests expected at Sion were by no means confined to funeral baked meats. Cold viands there were in abundance—joints of prodigious size—chines and sirloins of beef, chines of pork, baked red-deer, baked swan, baked turkey, baked sucking-pig, gammon of bacon pie, wild boar pie, roe pie, hare pie, soused sturgeon, soused salmon, and such-like—but there was no lack of hot provisions, roast, boiled, and stewed, nor of an adequate supply of sack, hippocrass, Rhenish, Canary, and stout October ale.

Every care was taken that the lords spiritual and temporal, with the foreign ambassadors and other persons of distinction, should be suitably lodged,

but the majority of the actors in the gloomy pageant were left to shift for themselves, and the dormitories of the convent, even in its most flourishing days, had never known half so many occupants. The halls and principal chambers of the ancient religious structure were hung with black and garnished with escutcheons, and the fine old conventual church, refitted for the occasion, was likewise clothed with mourning, the high altar being entirely covered with black velvet, and adorned with all the jewels and gold and silver plate of which the shrines of the monastery had been previously plundered. In the midst of the choir, protected by double barriers, was placed a catafalque even more stately than that provided in the chapel of the palace at Westminster, with a lofty canopy, the valance whereof was fringed with black silk and gold, and the sides garnished with pensils, escutcheons, and bannerols. Around this catafalque burnt a surprising number of large wax tapers.

The progress of the funeral cortége was necessarily slow, and it was past one o'clock ere it reached Brentford, at which place a number of nobles, knights, and esquires, together with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, rode on towards Sion, and arranged themselves in long lines on either side of the convent gates. About two o'clock, the funeral car drew up at the west door of the church, and the effigy of the king was first taken out by the three gigantic warders, and carried by them with befitting care and reverence to the revestry. After which the coffin was ceremoniously brought out, and conveyed through two lines of nobles and ambassadors to the receptacle provided for it within the choir—the bishops in their mitres and copes preceding it. Thus deposited, the coffin was covered with a blue velvet pall, having a white cross embroidered upon it. At the head of the pall were laid the king's helm and crest, on the right and left his sword and targe, and his embroidered coat at the foot.



All round the exquisitely carved choir were ranged the various banners and standards used in the procession.

Illumined by a thousand tapers, crowded with mourners of the highest rank, and with ecclesiastical dignitaries occupied in their sacred functions, with chaplains, choristers, and others, the appearance of the choir, decorated as already described with banners and escutcheons, was singularly striking, and when a solemn dirge was performed by the Bishop of London and the choristers, the combined effect of spectacle and hymn was almost sublime. Not only was the choir crowded, but the entire body of the large conventual church was filled to inconvenience by those engaged in the ceremony.

No sooner, however, was the service ended than the church was speedily cleared of all save the watchers, and the demolition of the good cheer prepared for them in the halls and refectory commenced in right earnest. Eating and drinking there was from one end of the monastery to the

other, and the purveyors, grooms, and yeomen of the kitchen, larder, cellar, and buttery, had enough to do to answer the incessant demands made upon them. Much merriment, we regret to say, prevailed among the mourners, and some ditties, that did not sound exactly like doleful strains, were occasionally heard. Provisions were liberally given to all comers at the convent gates, and alms distributed to the poor.

Constant watch was kept about the body, and the guard was relieved every hour. But, notwithstanding the vigilance exercised, a singular incident took place, which we shall proceed to relate.

A little before midnight it came to the turn of the three gigantic warders to take their station beside the body, and as the elder brother stood on the left of the hearse, leaning on his enormous halberd, he remarked that a dark stream had issued from beneath the pall covering the coffin, and was slowly trickling down the scutcheoned side of the catafalque. Horror-stricken at the sight,

he remained gazing at this ensanguined current until some drops had fallen upon the ground. He then uttered an exclamation, which quickly brought his brothers to him.

"What alarms thee, Og?" cried the two giants.

"Look there!" said the other. "'Tis the king's blood. The coffin has burst."

"No doubt of it!" exclaimed Gog. "'Tis a terrible mischance—but we cannot be blamed for it."

"A truce with such folly!" cried Magog. "'Tis the rough roads between this and Brentford, which shook the car so sorely, that are in fault, and not we! But what is to be done? Methinks the alarm ought to be given to the grand master."

"Ay," replied Og; "but the flow of blood increases. We ought to stay it."

"How can that be done?" cried Gog. "Can we mend the bursten coffin?"

"Others may if we cannot," cried Og. "No

time must be lost in obtaining aid. These fearful stains must be effaced ere the bearers come to-morrow."

Without more ado he hurried towards the great western door of the church, and was followed by his brothers, who seemed quite bewildered by the occurrence. But they had scarcely reached the door, when they were suddenly arrested by a fierce barking, as of hounds, apparently proceeding from the choir.

Appalled by the sound, they instantly stopped, and, turning round, beheld a spectacle that transfixed them with horror. Within the barriers, and close beside the coffin on the side of the catafalque down which the loathly current had flowed, stood a tall, dark figure, which, under the circumstances, they might well be excused for deeming unearthly. With this swart figure were two large coal-black hounds of Saint Hubert's breed, with eyes that, in the imagination of the giants, glowed like carbuncles. Encouraged by their master, these

hounds were rending the blood-stained cover of the catafalque with their teeth.

"'Tis Satan in person!" exclaimed Magog.  
"But I will face him, and check those hell-hounds in their infernal work."

"I will go with thee," said Og. "I fear neither man nor demon."

"Nay, I will not be left behind," said Gog, accompanying them.

But, notwithstanding their vaunted courage, they advanced with caution, and ere they gained the entrance of the choir the dark figure had come forth with his hounds, which stood savagely growling beside him. They then perceived that the fancied infernal being was a monk with his hood drawn closely over his grim and ghastly features.

Stretching out his hands towards them, the monk exclaimed, in tones that thrilled his hearers with new terror, "My words have come to pass. Henry sold himself to work wickedness, and I

warned him of his doom as Elijah the Tishbite warned Ahab. The judgment of Ahab hath come upon him. On the self-same spot where Catherine Howard knelt before her removal to the Tower, dogs have licked the wife-slayer's blood—even his blood!”

Before the giants recovered sufficiently from their stupefaction to make an attempt to stay him, Father Peto, with his hounds, effected a retreat by a lateral door, through which it is to be presumed he had entered the church.

Filled with consternation, the giants were debating what ought to be done, when the wicket of the great western door was opened, and the Lord St. John, grand master, with three tall yeomen of the guard, entered the church. The torn hangings of the catafalque rendered concealment impossible, even if the giants had felt inclined to attempt it, but they at once acquainted Lord St. John with the mysterious occurrence.

While listening to the strange recital, the grand

master looked exceedingly angry, and the giants fully expected a severe reprimand at the least, if not punishment, for their negligence. To their surprise, however, the displeasure of their auditor changed to gravity, and without making any remark upon their relation, he proceeded to examine the condition of the catafalque. Having satisfied himself of the truth of the extraordinary statement he had received, the grand master gave orders for the immediate repair of the coffin, the restoration of the torn hanging, and the cleansing of the floor, charging the giants, on pain of death, not to breathe another word as to the mysterious appearance of Father Peto and the hounds.

Strict watch was kept throughout the rest of the night, and care taken to prevent further intrusion.

## XVIII.

HOW THE ROYAL CORPSE WAS BROUGHT TO SAINT GEORGE'S  
CHAPEL.

NEXT morning, the numerous occupants of the convent arose betimes, and prepared for the journey to Windsor. The majority of the persons composing the procession had been obliged to sleep on stools or benches, or on the rushes with which the floors were thickly strewn. However, all were astir long before break of day. In those hearty times, breakfast differed but slightly from dinner or supper, and a very substantial repast, wound up with spiced wines and cates, was set before the guests preparatory to their setting forth.



Precisely at seven o'clock the funeral procession started from the convent gates in the same order as before, accompanied by a like number of flaming torches. The bells were tolled in Isleworth church as the lugubrious train approached the village, and priests and clerks came forth to cense the royal corpse. Similar ceremonies were observed in every hamlet subsequently passed through.

At length the cortége reached Eton, then as now surrounded by stately groves. Near the gates of the noble college, founded about a century previously by the unfortunate Henry VI., stood Doctor Robert Aldrich, Bishop of Carlisle and Provost of Eton, in full pontificals, attended by the masters and fellows of the church in their vestments and copes, and by the scholars of the college in white surplices. The latter, who were extremely numerous, some of them being of very tender years, were bareheaded, and carried lighted tapers. As the corpse went by, they knelt down and censed it, chanting the *De Profundis*, their

young voices giving a touching effect to the solemn psalm.

From the northern terrace of Windsor Castle, the sombre procession slowly making its way from Eton to the bridge across the Thames, presented a remarkable and deeply interesting sight; but few were there to witness it. Most of the inmates of the Castle were engaged in preparing for the arrival of their expected guests, and such as were not so occupied had repaired to the bridge across the Thames, at the foot of which were stationed the Mayor of Windsor, the aldermen, benchers, and burgesses, and the priests and clerks of the church of Saint John the Baptist within the town. From this point to the Horseshoe Cloisters within the Castle, the road was railed on either side, the rails being hung with black cloth to the ground, and covered with escutcheons of arms and marriages. As at the Convent of Sion, though on a far more sumptuous and extensive scale, preparations were made at the Castle for the nu-

merous and important visitors and their attendants. All the apartments assigned to the principal nobles and ambassadors were hung with black, as were Saint George's Hall, and the interior of the Garter Tower.

The royal standard on the keep was furled, and an immense hatchment of black velvet, emblazoned with the king's arms, worked in gold, was placed on the outer side of the gate of the lower ward, the battlements of which were thickly hung with banners. Numberless spectators thronged the barriers throughout their entire extent, and the windows of all the habitations in Thames-street were densely occupied. Slowly did the long train make its way to the Castle gate, and it was with great difficulty that the seven powerful horses could drag the ponderous funeral car up the steep ascent. At last, however, the feat was accomplished; the car entered the broad court of the lower ward, and was brought in safety to the western door of the chapel of Saint George.

Meanwhile, all the attendants upon the ceremonial, porters, servants of the royal household, harbingers and pursuivants, with a multitude of others, including the two hundred and fifty poor men in mourning habits, had entered the church, and stationed themselves in the nave—a wide passage being left from the western door to the choir, to be traversed by the bearers of the coffin. The more important personages, however, remained in the area of the Horseshoe Cloisters, awaiting a summons to enter the church.

Fairer ecclesiastical fabric does not exist than the collegiate chapel of Saint George at Windsor; and at the period in question the goodly structure was seen at its best. No desecrating hands had then marred its beauty. Externally, it was very striking—the numerous crocketed pinnacles being adorned with glittering vanes supported by gilt lions, antelopes, greyhounds, and dragons. The interior corresponded with the outward show, and luckily the best part has undergone little mutila-

tion. Nothing more exquisite can be imagined than the richly decorated stone ceiling, supported by ribs and groins of incomparable beauty—than the light and graceful pillars of the nave—than the numerous chapels and chantries—or than the matchless choir. Within the nave are emblazoned the arms of Henry VIII. and those of his renowned contemporaries and survivors, Charles V. and Francis I., both of whom were companions of the Order of the Garter. At the period of which we treat all the windows were filled with deep-stained glass, glowing with the mingled and gorgeous dyes of the ruby, the topaz, and the emerald, and casting a “dim religious light” on the architectural marvels of the fane. Commenced in the previous century by Edward IV., continued and further embellished by Henry VII., who contributed the unequalled roof of the choir, the finishing stroke to the noble pile was given by Henry VIII., traces of whom may be found in the heraldic insignia decorating the splendid ceiling of the body

of the church, and in other parts of the structure.

In preparation for the ceremony about to take place within its walls, portions of the body of the church were hung with black, the central pavement of the nave being spread with black cloth, and the pillars of the aisles decorated with banners and escutcheons. The floor of the choir was likewise carpeted with black, and the pedestals of the elaborately carved stalls of the knights companions of the Garter clothed with sable velvet. The emblazoned banners of the knights still occupied their accustomed position on the canopies of the stalls, but the late sovereign's splendid banner was removed, his stall put into mourning, and a hatchment set in the midst of it. The high altar was hung with cloth of gold, and gorgeously ornamented with candlesticks, crosses, chalices, censers, ships, and images of gold and silver. Contiguous to it on the right was another and lesser altar, covered with black velvet, but destitute of ornament.

In the midst of the choir, surrounded by double barriers, stood a catafalque, larger and far more sumptuous than either of those used at the palace of Westminster or in the conventual church of Sion. Double-storied, thirty-five feet high, having eight panes and thirteen principals, curiously wrought, painted and gilded, this stately catafalque was garnished with a rich majesty and a double-valanced dome, around which were inscribed the king's name and title in beaten gold upon silk. Fringed with black silk and gold, the whole frame was covered with tapers (a consumption of four thousand pounds' weight of wax having been calculated upon), and was garnished with pensils, scutcheons of arms and marriages, hatchments of silk and gold; while bannerols of descents depended from it in goodly wise. At the foot of the catafalque was a third altar covered with black velvet, and decorated with rich plate and jewels.

Beneath this stately catafalque lay the sepulchre,

into which the royal corpse was ere long to be lowered by means of an apparatus somewhat resembling that now common to our cemeteries. In this vault was already deposited the once lovely Jane Seymour, by whose side Henry had directed his remains to be laid. Here also, at a later period, was placed the body of the martyred Charles I.

By his will Henry had given particular directions that he should be interred in the choir of Saint George's Chapel, "midway between the state and the high altar," enjoining his executors to prepare an honourable tomb for his bones to rest in, "with a fair grate about it, in which tomb we will that the bones and body of our true and loving wife, Queen Jane, be put also." Thus much of his instructions was fulfilled, but he desired more than any executor could achieve. "We will and ordain," he appointed, "that a convenient altar be there honourably prepared, and



apparelled with all manner of things requisite and necessary for daily masses, there to be said perpetually, while the world shall endure."

While the world shall endure! Alas for the vanity of human designs! Who heeds that fiat now? Who now says daily masses for Henry's soul?

Moreover, full instructions were left by the king for the erection of a most magnificent monument to himself and his third, and best-loved, consort, Jane Seymour, within the mausoleum so lavishly embellished by Cardinal Wolsey. On the white marble base of this monument, which was intended to be nearly thirty feet high, and adorned with one hundred and thirty-four statues and forty-four bas-reliefs, were to be placed two black touchstone tombs, supporting recumbent figures of the king and queen, not as dead but sleeping, while their epitaphs were to be inscribed in gold letters beneath.

Vain injunction! the splendidly-conceived monument was not even commenced.

To resume. All being arranged within the choir, and the thousand great tapers around the catafalque lighted, the effigy of the king was first brought in at the western door of the church by the three gigantic warders, and conveyed by them to the choir; after which, the coffin was carried by tall yeomen of the guard down the alley reserved for its passage, the canopy being borne by six lords. The Bishop of Winchester, with other mitred prelates in their copes, marched before it to its receptacle, wherein it was reverently deposited. This done, it was covered with two palls, the first being of black velvet, with a white satin cross upon it, and the other of rich cloth of tissue. The effigy was then set upon the outer pall.

No sooner had the funeral car quitted its station at the western door of the church than the procession, which had been previously marshalled in

the Horseshoe Cloisters, began to stream into the sacred edifice. After a throng of knights, bannerets, barons, viscounts, earls, and ambassadors, came the Archbishop of Canterbury in his full robes, and attended by his crosses. After him marched the mourners, two and two, with their hoods over their heads, followed by the chief mourner, who in his turn was followed by Garter in the king's gown, the train of the latter being borne by Sir Anthony Wingfield, vice-chamberlain. On reaching the catafalque, the mourners took up their customary places beside it.

Meanwhile, the Bishop of Winchester, on whom, as chief prelate, devolved the performance of the sacred offices, had stationed himself at the high altar, on either side whereof stood the rest of the bishops. The council, with the Lord Protector at its head, and immediately behind him the Lord Chancellor, now entered the choir, and seated themselves on either side of it, the Archbishop of

Canterbury occupying a place nearest the high altar.

The four saints having been set, one at each corner of the catafalque, the Lord Talbot, with the embroidered banner, took a place at its foot. Before him was the standard of the Lion; on the right the Dragon, and on the left the Greyhound. A multitude of other bearers of banners were grouped around the receptacle of the coffin.

At this juncture, a movement was heard in the gallery above, and the queen-dowager, preceded by two gentlemen ushers, entered the royal closet. Attired in black velvet, and bearing other external symbols of woe, Catherine looked somewhat pale, but bore no traces of deep affliction<sup>\*</sup> in her countenance. She was attended by the Marchioness of Dorset and her daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, the Countess of Hertford, Lady Herbert, and other ladies and gentlewomen, all in deep mourning. Behind appeared a throng of ambassadors

and other strangers of distinction. But neither the Princess Mary nor the Princess Elizabeth were present. Moreover, as will have been remarked, the youthful king took no part in the funeral ceremony.

As the queen-dowager sat down alone in front of the closet, all the other ladies remaining standing, Norroy advanced, and in his accustomed formula besought their charitable prayers for the repose of the departed king's soul. A requiem was next chanted, and mass performed by the Bishop of Winchester and the other prelates.

On the conclusion of the service, the whole assemblage quitted the church, leaving the choir vacant of all save the watchers by the body, the number of whom was greatly increased.

Profuse as had been the display of hospitality at Sion, it was far exceeded at Windsor. A grand banquet was given to the nobles and other distinguished personages in Saint George's Hall, the Lord Protector, with the council, the mourners,

and the ambassadors, occupying seats on the dais. Tables were likewise spread in the various refectories, at which the numerous esquires, captains of the guard, heralds, pursuivants, and others, sat down. The four enormous fireplaces in the great kitchen scarcely sufficed to supply the wants of so many guests. Our three giants found their way to the larder, and were well cared for by the yeomen and grooms. Prodigious was the quantity they consumed.

Night had far advanced ere the feasting had ended. Even then there were lingerers at some tables. Much bustle, moreover, still prevailed, not only within but without the Castle. In the courts of both upper and lower wards, yeomen, ushers, grooms and serving-men of all descriptions, were continually passing and repassing.

The terraces, however, were deserted, though the extreme beauty of the night might well have tempted some of the many guests to enjoy a moonlight walk upon them. Towards midnight a

postern door in one of the towers on the south side of the Castle opened, and Sir Thomas Seymour and his esquire issued from it. Both were wrapped in black velvet mantles furred with sable. They proceeded quickly towards the eastern terrace, without pausing to gaze at the glorious prospect of wood and glade that lay stretched out beneath them, and, having made the half circuit of the walls, reached the northern terrace, which was thrown into deep shade, the moon being on the opposite side of the heavens. Far out into the meads below was projected the irregular shadow of the mighty pile, but the silver Thames glittered in the moonlight, and the collegiate church of Eton, slumbered peacefully amidst its groves. A holy calm seemed to rest upon the scene, but Seymour refused to yield to its influence. He had other matter in hand, which agitated his soul. Roused by the bell striking midnight, he passed, with his esquire, through an archway communicating with the lower ward, and proceeded

to Saint George's Chapel. Making for the lateral door on the left of the Bray Chapel, he found several yeomen of the guard stationed at it, together with two gentlemen ushers belonging to the queen-dowager's suite. On beholding the latter, his heart leaped with joy. He knew that Catherine was within the church, and he at once entered it with his esquire. The aisles and nave were plunged in gloom, and looked all the more sombre from the contrast they offered to the choir, which was brilliantly illumined. The watchers were stationed around the catafalque; chaplains were standing at the high altar; and a dirge was being sung by the choristers. Halting near a pillar in the south aisle, Seymour despatched Ugo to the choir. After a short absence the esquire returned, and said, "The queen is there—kneeling at the altar beside the coffin."

"I will await her coming forth. Retire, until I summon thee."

Full quarter of an hour elapsed ere Seymour's



vigilance was rewarded. At the end of that time Catherine issued from the choir. As Sir Thomas expected, she was wholly unattended, and was proceeding slowly towards the door near the Bray Chapel, when Seymour stepped from behind the pillar, and placed himself in her path.

"Pardon me, Catherine! pardon me, queen of my heart!" he cried, half prostrating himself before her.

Much startled, she would have retired, but he seized her hand and detained her.

"You must—you shall hear me, Catherine," he cried.

"Be brief, then," she rejoined, "and release my hand."

"I know I do not deserve forgiveness," he cried, "but I know, also, that your nature is charitable, and therefore I venture to hope. Oh! Catherine, I have recovered from the frenzy into which I had fallen, and bitterly repent my folly. You

have resumed entire empire over my heart, and never again can be dethroned."

"I do not desire to reign over a heart so treacherous," rejoined Catherine, severely. "You plead in vain, Seymour. Perfidy like yours cannot be pardoned."

"Say not so, fair queen," he cried, passionately. "Doom me not to utter despair. Show me how to repair my fault, and I will do it. But condemn me not to worse than death."

"Having proved you false and forsworn, how am I to believe what you now utter? Can I doubt the evidence of my own senses? Can I forget what I overheard?"

"But I am cured of my madness, I declare to you, Catherine. My fault shall be atoned by years of devotion. I will submit to any punishment you choose to inflict upon me—so that a hope of ultimate forgiveness be held out."

"Would I could believe you!" sighed the

queen. "But no!—no!—it must not be. I will not again be deceived."

"On my soul I do not deceive you!" he cried, pressing her hand to his lips. "Grant me but another trial, and if I swerve from my present professions of unalterable attachment, cast me off for ever."

There was a slight pause; after which Catherine said, in a relenting tone, "I must have time for reflection."

"Till when?" he cried, imploringly.

"I cannot say. Not till the tomb has closed over Henry will I speak more on this subject. I give you good night, Sir Thomas."

"Good night, fair queen. Heaven grant your decision prove favourable!" exclaimed Seymour, as she departed.

And as his esquire cautiously approached him, he said exultingly, "Vittoria! Ugo, è fatto!"

## XIX.

PULVIS PULVERI, CINIS CINERI.

AT six o'clock next morn, all the knights companions of the Garter attendant upon the funeral repaired to the revestry of Saint George's Chapel. The assemblage comprised the Lord Protector, Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, the Earls of Essex, Arundel, Shrewsbury, and Sussex, the Lords Saint John, Lisle, Abergavenny, and Russell, with Sir John Gage, Sir Anthony Brown, Sir Anthony Wingfield, Sir Anthony St. Leger, and Sir Thomas Cheney. Having arrayed themselves in the rich sky-blue mantles of the order, and put on

their hoods, they proceeded to the choir to hear matins, and make their oblations.

The service was performed by the Dean of Windsor, Doctor Franklin, and the canons. At its conclusion, after divesting themselves of the habits of their order, the knights adjourned to the deanery, where a goodly breakfast had been provided them by the portly dean. During this repast some conversation took place between Doctor Franklin and the Lord Protector touching a bequest by the late king of certain manors and lands to the dean and canons to the value of six hundred pounds a year—a considerable sum in those days—and the dean respectfully inquired whether he had been rightly informed as to the amount.

“Ay, forsooth, good master dean,” replied the Protector. “His late majesty—whose soul may Jesu pardon!—hath by his will left you and your successors lands, spiritual endowments, and promotions of the yearly value you mention, but on certain conditions.”

"What may be the conditions, I pray your highness?" asked the dean. "I have not heard them."

"They are these," rejoined the Protector. "That you find two priests to say masses at an altar to be erected before his majesty's tomb; that you hold four solemn obits annually for the repose of his soul within the chapel; that at every obit ye bestow ten pounds in alms to the poor; that ye give twelve pence a day to thirteen indigent but deserving persons, who shall be styled Poor Knights, together with garments specified by the will, and an additional payment to the governor of such poor knights. Other obligations there are in the way of sermons and prayers, but these I pre-termit."

"His majesty's intentions shall be religiously fulfilled," observed the dean, "and I thank your highness for the information you have so graciously afforded me."

As Henry's tomb, however, was never erected,

as we have already mentioned, it may be doubted whether the rest of his testamentary instructions were scrupulously executed.

While the Knights of the Garter were breakfasting at the deanery, feasting had recommenced in the various halls and refectories of the Castle. Our giants again found their way to the larder, and broke their fast with collops, rashers, carbonados, a shield of brawn and mustard, and a noble sirloin of beef, making sad havoc with the latter, and washing down the viands with copious draughts of humming ale.

However, the bell began to toll, and at the summons each person concerned in the ceremony hied to Saint George's Chapel. Ere long all were in their places. Around the illumined catafalque within the choir were congregated the mourners in their gowns. The council, with the Archbishop of Canterbury at their head, were seated in the stalls. The Bishop of Winchester, in his full pontificals, with the other prelates, were at the high

altar. The queen-dowager was in her closet, with her ladies ranged behind her. No one was absent.

Thereupon mass was commenced, at which the bishops officiated. At the close of the requiem, the Marquis of Dorset advanced to the altar, and, with much humility and reverence, offered a piece of gold as the mass-penny; after which, he returned to his place at the head of the corpse. The king's embroidered coat of arms was next delivered by Garter to the Earls of Arundel and Oxford, by whom it was reverently offered to the Bishop of Winchester; which ceremony being performed, the coat was placed by Garter on the lesser altar. The royal target was next consigned to the Earls of Derby and Shrewsbury, offered by them to the bishop, and placed beside the coat by the herald. Norroy then presented the king's sword to the Earls of Sussex and Rutland, which was offered and laid upon the altar. Carlisle gave the helm and crest to the same nobleman who had carried



the target, and these equipments were offered and placed beside the others.

Then occurred the most striking part of the ceremonial. Some commotion was heard in the nave, and those within the choir, who could command this part of the church, which was thronged with various officials, beheld a knightly figure, in complete steel, except the head-piece, and mounted on a black, richly-barded war-horse, enter the open western door, and ride slowly along the alley preserved by the assemblage. Flaming torches were borne by the foremost ranks of the bystanders on either side, and their light, gleaming on the harness of the knightly figure and the caparisons of his steed, added materially to the effect of the spectacle. The rider was Chidiock Pawlet, King Henry's man-at-arms, a very stalwart personage, with handsome burly features clothed with a brown bushy beard. In his hand he carried a pole-axe, with the head downwards. As Pawlet reached the door of the choir, and drew up beneath the arch,

all eyes were fixed upon him. It was strange, almost appalling, to behold an equestrian figure in such a place, and on such an occasion. For a brief space, Pawlet remained motionless as a statue, but his horse snorted and pawed the ground. Then Lord Morley and Lord Dacre advanced, and aided him to alight. Consigning his steed to a henchman, by whom it was removed, Pawlet next proceeded with the two lords to the altar, and offered the pole-axe to the bishop, with the head downwards. Gardiner took the weapon, turned the point upwards, and delivered the pole-axe to an officer of arms, who laid it on the altar.

Then Richard Pawlet, brother to Chidiok, with four gentlemen ushers, brought in each a pall of cloth of gold of bawdkin, which they delivered to Garter and Clarencieux, by whom these palls were placed at the foot of the king's effigy.

Hereupon, the emperor's ambassador, with the ambassadors of France, Scotland, and Venice, were conducted by the gentlemen ushers to the altar,

to make their offering. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Protector, the Lord Chancellor, and the rest of the council offered. Lastly, Sir Thomas Cheney, treasurer, and Sir John Gage offered.

After all the offerings had been made, a pulpit was set directly before the high altar, and the Bishop of Winchester, mounting it, commenced a sermon, taking this text from the Revelations : "*In diebus illis, audivi vocem de cælo, dicentem mihi, Scribe, Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur. A modo jam dicit spiritus, ut requiescant à laboribus suis. Opera enim illorum sequuntur illos.*"

A fervid and fluent preacher, Gardiner deeply moved his auditors by his discourse, which was as remarkable for learning as for eloquence. At the close of the sermon the mass proceeded, and as the words "*Verbum caro factum est*" were pronounced, Lord Windsor offered the standard of the Lion ; Lord Talbot the standard of the embroidered

banner; and the rest of the standards and banners were offered in their turn.

After this, the Dean of Windsor and the canons took the palls which had been placed at the feet of the king's effigy, and conveyed them to the revestry. The image itself was next removed by the three gigantic warders, and carried to the same place.

The solemn moment had now arrived. Gardiner and the other officiating prelates descended from the high altar to the catafalque, and the Archbishop of Canterbury took up a station a little behind them with his crosses. The whole choir burst forth with the "*Circumdederunt me,*" the bishops meanwhile continuing to cense the corpse.

Ere the solemn strains had ceased, the mouth of the vault opened, and the coffin slowly descended into the sepulchre.

Thus vanished from the sight of men all that was left of a great monarch.

Amid the profound silence that ensued, Gardiner advanced to the mouth of the vault. He was followed by all the chief officers of the household—namely, the lord great master, the lord chamberlain of the household, the treasurer, comptroller, gentleman porter, and the four gentlemen ushers. These personages carried their staves and rods, and ranged themselves around the aperture.

Earth being brought to the bishop, he cast it into the sepulchre, and when he had pronounced the words "*Pulvis pulveri, cinis cineri*," Lord Saint John broke his staff over his head, exclaiming dolefully, as he threw the pieces into the vault, "Farewell to the greatest of kings!"

The Earl of Arundel next broke his staff, crying out with a lamentable voice, "Farewell to the wisest and justest prince in Christendom, who had ever England's honour at heart!"

Sir John Gage next shivered his staff, exclaiming in accents of unaffected grief, "Farewell to the best of masters, albeit the sternest!"

Like sorrowful exclamations were uttered by William Knevet, the gentleman porter, and the gentlemen ushers, as they broke their rods.

There was something inexpressibly affecting in the destruction of these symbols of office, and the casting the fragments into the pit. Profound silence prevailed during the ceremony, but at its close a universal sigh broke from the assemblage.

At this moment, Sir Thomas Seymour, who was standing in a part of the choir commanding the queen's closet, looked up. Catherine had covered her face with her handkerchief, and was evidently weeping.

*De profundis* was then solemnly chanted, amidst which the chasm was closed.

At the conclusion of the hymn, Garter, attended by Clarencieux, Carlisle, and Norroy, advanced to the centre of the choir, and with a loud voice proclaimed, "Almighty God, of his infinite goodness, give good life and long to the most high and mighty Prince, our sovereign Lord, Edward VI.,

by the grace of God King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and in earth, under God, of the Church of England and Ireland, the supreme Head and Sovereign, of the most noble Order of the Garter."

This proclamation made, he shouted lustily, "Vive le noble roi Edouard!" All the assemblage joined in the shout, which was thrice repeated.

Then the trumpeters stationed in the rood-loft blew a loud and courageous blast, which resounded through the pile.

So ended the obsequies of the right high and puissant king Henry VIII.

Thus far the Second Book.

BOOK III.



THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND.






## I.

### HOW EDWARD PASSED HIS TIME WHILE LEFT TO HIMSELF WITHIN THE TOWER.

THE three days devoted to the solemnisation of Henry's obsequies were passed by his son in strictest privacy at the Tower. The freedom from restraint afforded the youthful monarch by the absence of his court was especially agreeable to him at this juncture. Not only had he to mourn for his father, but to prepare, as he desired to do by meditation and prayer, for the solemn ceremony in which he himself would soon be called upon to play the principal part.

The near approach of his coronation, which was fixed for the Sunday after the funeral, filled him with anxious thought. It might naturally be supposed that one so young as Edward would be dazzled by the magnificence of the show, and lose sight of its real import; but such was not the case with the devout and serious-minded prince, who, as we have already shown, possessed a gravity of character far beyond his years, and had been too well instructed not to be fully aware of the nature of the solemn promises he would have to make to his people while assuming the crown.

Daily did he petition Heaven that he might adequately discharge his high and important duties, and in no wise abuse the power committed to him, but might exercise it wisely and beneficently, to the maintenance and extension of true religion, and to the welfare and happiness of his subjects. Above all, he prayed that he might be made the instrument of establishing the Protestant Church on a secure foundation; of



delivering it entirely from its enemies ; and purifying it from the idolatries and superstitious practices that still clung to it.


The bustle and confusion lately prevailing within the Tower had now ceased. All the nobles and important personages who had flocked thither to do homage to the young king, had departed, taking with them their troops of attendants. The courts were emptied of the crowd of esquires and pages who had recently thronged them. No merry hubbub was heard ; but, on the contrary, a general gloom pervaded the place.

Orders had been given by the king that the three days of his father's funeral were to be observed as a period of deep mourning, and consequently every countenance wore an expression of grief—whether simulated or not, it is needless to inquire. Edward and all his household were habited in weeds of woe, and their sable attire and sad looks contributed to the sombre appearance of the place. Ushers and henchmen moved

about like ghosts. Festivity there was none, or if there were, it was discreetly kept out of the king's sight. Edward's time was almost entirely passed in devotional exercises. He prayed in secret, listened to long homilies from his chaplain, discoursed on religious matters with his tutors, and regularly attended the services performed for the repose of his father's soul within Saint John's Chapel.

Built in the very heart of the White Tower, and accounted one of the most perfect specimens of Norman architecture extant, the beautiful chapel dedicated to Saint John the Evangelist might still be beheld in all its pristine perfection, were it not so encumbered by presses and other receptacles of state records, that even partial examination of its architectural beauties is almost out of the question.

Consisting of a nave with a semicircular termination at the east, and two narrow side aisles, separated from the body of the fabric by twelve



circular pillars of massive proportion, this ancient shrine also possesses a gallery reared above the aisles, with wide semicircular-headed openings, looking into the nave. The ceiling is coved, and the whole building is remarkable for extreme solidity and simplicity. It has long since been despoiled of its sacred ornaments, and applied to baser uses, but as most of our early monarchs performed their devotions within it while sojourning at the Tower, that circumstance alone, which confers upon it a strong historical interest, ought to save it from neglect and desecration.

During the three days in question, masses were constantly said within the chapel. The pillars were covered with black cloth, and decked with pensils and escutcheons, while banners were hung from the arched openings of the gallery. Tall tapers burned before the altar, which was richly adorned with jewels, images, crucifixes, and sacred vessels.

Edward never failed to attend these services, and

was always accompanied by his tutors, to whom, as zealous Reformers, many of the rites then performed appeared highly objectionable. But as masses for the repose of his soul had been expressly enjoined by the late king's will, nothing could be urged against them at this moment, and the two preceptors were obliged to content themselves with silent disapproval. Though sharing their feelings, reverence for his father's memory kept Edward likewise silent. Some observations, however, which he chanced to make while returning from mass on the third day, gave an opportunity to Sir John Cheke of condemning the practice of image-worship which was still tolerated.

"Those Romish idols are an abomination in my sight," he cried, "and I hope to see our temples cleared of them, and of all pictures that have been abused by heathenish worship. The good work has begun, for I have heard this very day that the curate of Saint Martin's, in Ironmonger-lane,

has caused all the images and pictures to be removed from his church, and texts from Scripture to be painted on the walls. Peradventure, the man may be over-zealous, yet I can scarce blame him."

"He has but anticipated my own intentions," observed Edward; "our temples shall no longer be profaned by false worship."

"Right glad am I to hear your majesty say so," rejoined Cheke. "Under your gracious rule, I trust, the Romish missals and mass-books will be entirely abolished, and a liturgy in the pure language of Scripture substituted. Uniformity of doctrine and worship, uniformity of habits and ceremonies, abandonment of the superstitious and idolatrous rites of Rome, and a return to the practices of the Primitive Christian Church—these are what we of the Reformed Church seek for—these are what, under a truly Protestant king like your majesty, we are sure to obtain."

"Fully to extirpate the pernicious doctrines of



Rome, conformity among the clergy must be made compulsory," observed Cox; "otherwise, there will always be danger to the well-doing of the Protestant Church. I do not desire to recommend severe measures to your majesty, but coercion must be applied."

"I hope it will not be needed, good doctor," observed Edward. "I desire not to commence my reign with persecution."

"Heaven forbid that I should counsel it, sire!" replied the doctor. "Far rather would I that your reign should be distinguished for too much clemency than severity; but a grand object has to be attained, and we must look to the end rather than to the means. Strong efforts, no doubt, will be made by the Bishop of Rome to regain his ascendancy, and the adherents of the old doctrine, encouraged by the removal of the powerful hand that has hitherto controlled them, will strive to recover what they have lost. Hence

there is much danger to the Protestant Church, of which your majesty is the supreme head, and this can only be obviated by the complete repression of the Popish party. Much further reform is needed, and this, to be thoroughly efficacious, ought to be proceeded with without delay, ere the adverse sect can have time to recruit its forces."

"But you do not apprehend danger to the Church, good doctor?" inquired Edward, with some anxiety.

"There is danger in delay," replied Cox. "Men's minds are unsettled, and advantage will certainly be taken of the present crisis to turn aside the ignorant and half-instructed from the truth. His grace of Canterbury, I am aware, is for gradual reform, entertaining the belief that men must become accustomed to the new doctrines ere they will sincerely embrace them. Such is not my opinion. I would uproot error and schism as

I would weeds and noxious plants from a fair garden, and burn them, so that they may do no further harm."

"Yet, perchance, his grace of Canterbury may be right," observed Edward, thoughtfully. "I would show no indulgence to the adherents of the Church of Rome, but my object being to reclaim them, and bring them over to the true faith, I must consider by what means that most desirable object can best be accomplished."

"Gentle means will fail, sire, and for a reason which I will explain," rejoined Sir John Cheke. "In dealing with the Bishop of Rome you have to do with a powerful and unscrupulous enemy, who will not fail to take advantage of any apparent irresolution on your part. Moderation will be construed into timidity, conciliation into yielding and weakness. Prompt and energetic measures must therefore be adopted. A blow must be struck at Popery from which it will never recover. I applaud the design which I know you entertain

of inviting the most eminent foreign Reformers to your court. Pious and learned men like Peter Martyr, Martin Bucer, Paul Fagius, Ochinus, and Bernardus, whose lives have been devoted to the glorious work of religious reform, would be of incalculable advantage to you at this moment. Not only would they aid you in removing the errors and abuses of the Church, but they would justify and defend the measures you design to adopt. Moreover, they would be of signal service at the universities, at which seats of learning men of great controversial power, able to refute the caviller, to convince the doubter, and to instruct the neophyte, are much wanted."

"Sir John says well," observed Doctor Cox. "Conferences and disputations on religious subjects are requisite now, in order to refute error and convince men's understanding. Nowhere can such discussions be more advantageously held than at your majesty's universities of Oxford and Cambridge."

“Our cause is so good, that it should need neither justification nor defence,” rejoined Edward. “Nevertheless, at a season of difficulty and danger no precautions ought to be neglected. To secure the permanent establishment of the Protestant Church, all its ablest and stoutest supporters must be rallied round it. Pre-eminent amongst these are the wise and good men you have mentioned, whose lives give an assurance of the sincerity of their opinions. The Protestant leaders are much harassed in Germany, as I hear, and they may, therefore, be glad of an asylum here. It will rejoice me to see them, to profit by their teaching, and to be guided by their judgment and counsels. His grace of Canterbury shall invite them to England, and if they come, they shall have a reception which shall prove the esteem in which they are held. Peter Martyr would fill a theological chair as well at Oxford as at Strasburg, and I will find fitting posts for Bucer and the others.”

At this point the conversation dropped. Seeing the king disinclined for further discussion; his preceptors did not press the subject, and he soon afterwards retired to his own chamber.

## II.

FROM WHICH IT WILL BE SEEN THAT THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH WAS NOT ENTIRELY CURED OF HER PASSION.

LIKE her royal brother, the Princess Elizabeth had been an inmate of the Tower during the time of her august father's funeral, but as she kept her chamber, owing to indisposition, as it was alleged, Edward saw nothing of her until on the evening of the third day, when she sent to beg him to come to her.

The amiable young monarch at once complied with the request. On his arrival at his sister's apartments, he found Mistress Ashley with her,

but on seeing him the governess withdrew. The young pair were then alone together, for Edward had left his own attendants in the waiting-chamber. Elizabeth looked ill, and had evidently been weeping. Much distressed by her appearance, Edward flew to her, embraced her tenderly, and inquired, with great solicitude, what ailed her?

"I do not think the air of the Tower agrees with me," she replied, with a faint smile. "I have never been well since I came here. I would pray your majesty's permission to depart to-morrow for Hatfield."

"I shall be sorry to lose you, dear Bess," replied the king, affectionately; "but, in good sooth, you do not look well, and if you think change of air will be of service to you, e'en try it. I hoped you would accompany me to Whitehall, in order to attend my coronation. I promise you it will be a goodly show."

"I do not doubt it," she rejoined. "But I am not in spirits for grand solemnities at present, and



quite shrink from them. Therefore, with your majesty's leave, I will be gone to-morrow. Most of the court, they tell me, will return from Windsor to-night, and, as I care not to mingle with them again, I will depart betimes."

"Be it as you please, dear Bess. I will not force you to do aught against your inclinations, even though I myself shall be the loser. Depart at any hour you please. A fitting escort shall attend you. Sir Thomas Seymour, with the rest of the court, will be back from Windsor to-night. Shall I bid him go with you?"

"On no account," replied Elizabeth, hastily; blushing deeply as she spoke.

"Wherein has Sir Thomas offended you, Bess? You used to like him better than any other. What has occasioned this sudden change of feeling? Can I not set matters right between you?"

"There is nothing to be set right. That I have completely altered my opinion of Sir Thomas

Seymour, I will not deny—that I have quarrelled with him, is also true—but he is now perfectly indifferent to me.”

“Hum! I am not so sure of that, Bess. But if you refuse to confide the cause of your quarrel to me, I cannot tell whether you are right or wrong.”

“Your majesty will never believe Sir Thomas Seymour to be in fault—that I know. But you will find him out in time. He has deceived others, take heed he does not deceive you.”

“Whom has he deceived, Bess?—not you, I hope?” demanded Edward, looking at her fixedly.

“No, not me,” she answered, in some confusion. “But I have heard that of him which causes distrust. Therefore, I deem it right to warn your majesty.”

“You bear resentment against him for some cause, real or imaginary, that I can plainly perceive. Come, come! let there be an end of this quarrel, Bess. You and Sir Thomas are both dear

to me, and I would have you friends. If he has offended you, he shall apologise—as humbly as you please. Will that suffice?”

“I thank your majesty for your gracious interference, and fully appreciate the motives whence it proceeds, but your kindly efforts are thrown away. I require no apologies from Sir Thomas, and will accept none.”

“On my faith, you are very perverse, Elizabeth. And I [must needs confess that your strange conduct makes me think you must be to blame in the matter.”

“I shall not attempt to justify myself,” she rejoined, “neither shall I endeavour to shake the opinion your majesty entertains of Sir Thomas Seymour.”

“You would hardly succeed in the latter effort, Bess. But let us change the subject, since it is not agreeable to you.”

“Before doing so, let me ask you a question.

How would you like it were the queen-dowager to bestow her hand upon your favourite uncle?"

"Is such an event probable?" demanded Edward, surprised.

"Suppose it so," she rejoined.

"There is nothing to prevent such a marriage, that I am aware of," observed Edward, after a short pause. "If the queen must marry again, she could choose no one more acceptable to me than my uncle Sir Thomas Seymour."

"But she ought not to marry again!" exclaimed Elizabeth, angrily. "She has had three husbands already; the last a great king, for whom she ought ever after to remain in widowhood. Thus much, at least, she owes our father's memory."

"If she had forgotten two husbands before wedding the king our father, she is not unlikely to forget him," observed Edward. "Such is the way with women, Bess; and her grace will

not be more blameworthy than the rest of her sex."

"But your majesty will not permit such an unsuitable marriage, should it be proposed?"

"I do not think the marriage so unsuitable, Bess; and I see not how I can hinder it."

"Not hinder it! You are far more patient than I should be, were I in your majesty's place. I would banish Sir Thomas Seymour rather than this should occur."

"To banish him would be to rob myself of one whose society I prefer to that of any other. No, I must adopt some milder course, if on reflection I shall judge it expedient to interfere at all."

Seeing the king was not to be shaken, and perceiving, also, that she had unintentionally served Sir Thomas Seymour by alluding to the probability of his marriage with the queen-dowager, of which Edward had previously entertained no suspicion, Elizabeth let the subject drop, and after some further conversation the


young monarch took an affectionate leave of his sister, again expressing great regret at losing her so soon, and promising that an escort should be provided by the Constable of the Tower to attend her at any hour she pleased on the morrow.

## III.

HOW THE EARL OF HERTFORD WAS MADE DUKE OF SOMERSET;  
AND HOW SIR THOMAS SEYMOUR WAS ENNOBLED.

AT a late hour on that night all the principal personages who officiated at the funeral solemnities at Windsor Castle, returned to the Tower.

Next day, a general meeting was held in the grand council-chamber in the White Tower. Certain new creations of peers were about to be made, in accordance, it was said, with the late king's directions; and other noble personages were to be yet further dignified. The young king sat in his chair of state beneath a canopy, and on his



right stood the Lord Protector. Though the long-looked for moment of aggrandisement had arrived to Hertford, he allowed no manifestation of triumph to escape him, but assumed an air of deep humility.

After some preliminary proceedings, the king arose, and turning towards the Lord Protector, said, with much dignity,

“In pursuance of our dear father’s directions, whose latest wish it was to reward those who had served him well and faithfully, it is our sovereign will and pleasure, not only to add to the number of our peers by certain new creations, but further to honour and elevate some who are already ennobled, and whose exalted merits entitle them to such distinction. We will commence with our dearly-beloved uncle Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, Lord Protector of the realm, and governor of our person, whom we hereby create Duke of Somerset, and appoint to be Lieutenant-General of all our armies both by



land and sea, Lord High Treasurer, and Earl Marshal of England, and Governor of the Isles of Guernsey and Jersey."

"Most humbly do I thank your majesty," said the newly-made duke, bending the knee before his royal nephew, while the chamber rang with acclamations.

"Arise, your grace," said Edward. "We cannot linger in a task so agreeable to us. My lord of Essex," he added to that nobleman, "you are created Marquis of Northampton—my Lord Lisle, you are now Earl of Warwick, with the office of Lord Great Chamberlain—Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, you are henceforth Earl of Southampton—Sir Richard Rich, you are made Lord Rich—Sir William Willoughby, you are Baron Willoughby of Parham—Sir Edmund Sheffield, you are Baron Sheffield of Buttonwick—and you, our entirely-beloved uncle Sir Thomas Seymour, are created Baron Seymour of Sudley, with the office of Lord High Admiral of

England. To these titles it is our design to add ample revenues, to accrue from sources which we shall hereafter point out, so that the honours bestowed by our much-lamented father upon his faithful servants may not be barren honours."

At the close of this gracious address, which was delivered with great dignity, another burst of approbation rose from the assemblage. One after the other the newly-created peers, and those who had gained additional rank, then bent the knee before the throne, and thanked the young monarch for his goodness towards them. As Lord Seymour of Sudley knelt to his royal nephew, Edward said to him, "Are you content, gentle uncle?"

"I am honoured more than I deserve, sire," replied Seymour; "but I should have been better pleased with some office which would have enabled me more completely to manifest my attachment and devotion to you."

"Such as the governorship of our person during our nonage?" observed Edward, with a smile.

"Perhaps we may induce our elder uncle to resign the post to you. What says your highness?" he added to the Lord Protector. "Shall not Lord Seymour be our governor?"

"It grieves me that I cannot comply with your majesty's request," replied Somerset.

"Wherefore not, good uncle?" rejoined the king. "Methinks we have showered favours enow upon your head to merit some slight return. Be good natured, we pray you, and concede the matter?"

"I cannot resign an office conferred upon me by the council, even if I chose to do so," observed Somerset.

"Say frankly you do not choose, brother," cried Seymour, impatiently.

"Frankly, then, I do not," rejoined the duke. "Were I even called upon to resign, I should protest against your appointment, for I do not deem you a fitting person to have charge of his majesty."

"Enough, your highness," interposed Edward. "We will not pursue this matter further. A time will come when we can choose for ourselves those we would have for directors and advisers. Meantime, we submit to the will of the council."

"The council will soon have but little authority," muttered Seymour. "Unless I am greatly mistaken, it will speedily be bereft of all power."

Meanwhile, the greater part of the assemblage had departed, the members only of the two councils being left. The doors were then closed, upon which the Lord Protector thus spoke:


"Before we separate, my lords, it is necessary that I should point out to you a difficulty in which I am placed, and to ask your aid to remedy it. Doubts have been expressed whether you, as the council, have power to appoint a Protector; and the ambassadors of France and Germany have declared to me in private that they could not treat with me while there was any chance of my authority being disputed. To

remedy this defect, and make matters sure, I now demand letters-patent from his majesty under the great seal, confirming my authority as Protector of the Realm, and Governor of the royal Person."

Several of the council immediately expressed their assent to the request, but the newly-made Earl of Southampton rose to oppose it.

"What further authority does your highness require?" he said. "Methinks you have enough already."

"I have explained that there is much inconvenience attendant upon mine office as at present constituted," observed Somerset. "Its origin has been questioned, as I have told you, and this should not be—nay, it must not be. Unless I can treat independently with foreign powers, I am nothing. By his letters-patent, as I propose, his majesty will give me authority to act according to my judgment and discretion for the welfare and advantage of his person and dominions."



"In other words, he will make himself king in your stead," whispered Seymour to Edward. "Do not grant these letters-patent."

"But the measure you propose will deprive the council of all control," pursued Southampton. "We may not approve your acts. I am for no further change. We have made too much concession already."

"It was found impracticable to carry on the business of the government during his majesty's minority without a head," observed Sir William Paget, "and therefore the Lord Protector was appointed. But the office will be ineffectual if not clothed with sufficient power."

"These are my own arguments against the appointment," cried Southampton. "The Lord Protector shall not be our master. According to this scheme, he might annul all our acts, appoint his own council, set aside the late king's will, and assume almost regal power himself."

"Hold, my lord; you go too far," cried North-

ampton. "Recollect in whose presence you stand."

"It appears to me, my lords," remarked the Earl of Warwick, "that we have no choice in the matter. I am not for abridging our powers, or for transferring them to the Lord Protector. But we must either enable him to act, or abolish the office."

"You have put the matter rightly," said Lord Rich. "The present discussion is a clear proof that there will be little unanimity amongst us. I would therefore beseech his majesty's gracious compliance with the Lord Protector's request."

"I add my voice to yours," said Lord Northampton.

"And so do we," cried several others.

"What says his grace of Canterbury?" demanded the king.

"I meddle not with secular matters," replied the primate; "but it seems that the Lord Chancellor's objections to the additional power to be

conferred upon the Lord Protector are ill grounded, and that your majesty will do well to accede to the expressed wishes of the majority of the council."

"There is only one dissentient voice, that of Lord Southampton himself," observed Sir William Paget. "But I trust he will withdraw his opposition."

"Never!" cried Southampton. "I foresaw this danger from the first, and was therefore averse to the appointment. Such an extension of power is not only pernicious in itself, but in express violation of the late king's will. I implore his majesty to hesitate ere yielding compliance with the suggestion."

"The Lord Chancellor is looked upon as the head of the Romish party," observed Cranmer, in a low voice, to the king. "He evidently fears that the Lord Protector will use the additional power he may acquire in the repression of Papacy. Your majesty will do well not to listen to him."



"We thank your grace for the hint," rejoined Edward. "Your highness shall have the letters-patent," he added to the Lord Protector. "Let them be prepared without delay," he continued to Paget.

Soon after this the council broke up, and as the Lord Protector departed with his royal nephew, he cast a triumphant glance at his discomfited adversary, who replied by a look full of scorn and defiance.

"That man must be removed—and quickly," thought Somerset. "He is dangerous."

On his return to the palace, the king was attended by Lord Seymour, whom he held in converse, so as to keep him by his side, much to the annoyance of the Lord Protector, who was obliged to follow with the Earl of Warwick.

As they were proceeding in this manner, Edward remarked, somewhat abruptly, "Have you any thought of marriage, gentle uncle?"

"If I might venture so to reply, I would inquire why your majesty puts the question?" rejoined Seymour, surprised.

"You are reluctant to speak out, gentle uncle, and perhaps fear my displeasure. But you are needlessly alarmed. Let me ask you another question. Do you think it likely our mother, the queen dowager, will marry again?"

"In sooth, I cannot say, my liege. Not as yet, I should suppose."

"No, not as yet—but hereafter. If she should—I say if she should—it would not surprise me if her choice were to fall on you."

"On me, sire!" exclaimed Seymour, affecting astonishment.

"Ay, on you, gentle uncle. Nay, you need not affect mystery with me. I am in possession of your secret. Rest easy. If such a marriage were contemplated, I should not object to it."

"What is this I hear?" cried the Lord Pro-

tector, who had overheard what was said. "Have you dared to raise your eyes to the queen-dowager?" he added to his brother.

"By what right does your highness put the question to me?" demanded Seymour, haughtily.

"By every right," rejoined Somerset, furiously. "If the notion has been entertained, it must be abandoned. Such a marriage never can take place."

"Wherefore not?" demanded Edward, sharply.

"For many reasons, which it is needless now to explain to your majesty," rejoined Somerset. "But to make an end of the matter, I forbid it—peremptorily forbid it."

"It will require more than your prohibition to hinder it, should it be in contemplation," rejoined Seymour.

"Beware, lest pride and presumption work your ruin!" cried Somerset, foaming with rage.

"Take back the warning," rejoined Seymour,

with equal fierceness. "You have more need of it than I."

"My inadvertence has caused this," cried Edward, much pained by the quarrel. "But it must proceed no further. Not another word, I charge your grace, on your allegiance," he added to the Lord Protector.

And still keeping his favourite uncle beside him, he proceeded to the palace.

## IV.

HOW LORD SEYMOUR OF SUDLEY WAS CLANDESTINELY MARRIED TO QUEEN CATHERINE PARR, IN SAINT PETER'S CHAPEL IN THE TOWER.

ON quitting the king, Lord Seymour proceeded to the Wardrobe Tower, where he found his esquire awaiting him. Ugo began to express his delight at his patron's elevation, when Seymour cut him short impatiently, exclaiming,

"Basta! Ugo. Reserve thy congratulations for another opportunity. I have got the title I coveted and the office. I am Lord High Admiral of England——"

"And therefore in possession of an office of the

highest honour and emolument, monsignore," interrupted Ugo, bowing.

"I will not gainsay it. My importance is doubtless increased, but I am likely to lose the prize I thought secure. The Lord Protector has found out that I aspire to the hand of the queen-dowager, and will use all his power to prevent the marriage." And he proceeded to detail the quarrel that had just occurred between himself and his brother in the king's presence. "His majesty good naturedly endeavoured to patch up the dispute," he continued; "but I know Somerset will not forgive me, and will do his utmost to thwart my project. It is well he made not this discovery sooner," he added, with a laugh, "or I should not have been in the list of those who have this day gained a peerage. Thus much I have secured, at all events."

"And believe me it is no slight matter, my lord. Have you any reason to fear the consequences of a secret marriage with the queen?"

"Once wedded to her majesty, I should fear nothing—not even my omnipotent and vindictive brother, who is taking steps to clothe himself with regal power. I do not fear him as it is—but he may thwart my schemes. Thy hint is a good one, Ugo,—the marriage must be secret."

"Speedy as well as secret, monsignore. The sooner it takes place the better. You have other enemies besides the Lord Protector, who will work against you. Have you influence sufficient with the queen, think you, to prevail upon her to consent to such a step?"

"Methinks I have," rejoined Seymour. "But I will put her to the proof—and that right speedily. She has agreed to grant me an interview this very morning, and if my reception be favourable, I will urge the imperative necessity of the course thou hast suggested, backing my suit with all the arguments in my power."

"Per dio! it would be vexatious to lose so rich a prize. Not only does her majesty commend

herself to your lordship by her beauty, her exalted rank, and her many noble qualities, but also by her rich dower and her store of jewels. As to the latter, I myself can speak, for I have seen the inventory—such balaces of emeralds and rubies—such flowers and crosses of diamonds—such chains of gold and brooches—such tablets of gold and girdles—such rings, bracelets, and carcanets—enough to make one's mouth water. 'Twould be a pity, I repeat, to lose a queen with such a dower, and such jewels."

"She must not be lost! I will about the affair at once. Thou shalt aid me to make a slight change in my attire—for I would produce the best possible impression upon her majesty—and I will then ascertain my fate. Who knows? The marriage may take place sooner than we anticipate."


"Were it to take place this very day it would not be too soon, monsignore."

Seymour laughed, but made no reply. Having completed his toilette to his satisfaction, he



repaired to the queen-dowager's apartments. He was detained for a short time in the ante-chamber, but when admitted into the inner room by a gentleman usher, he found Catherine alone. She was attired in black velvet, which set off her superb person and fair complexion to the greatest advantage, and wore a diamond-shaped head-dress, richly ornamented with pearls, with a carcanet round her throat. Never had she looked more captivating.

Seymour's reception was quite as favourable as he had expected—far more so than he merited. But Catherine, though strong-minded, was but a woman. She listened to his protestations of repentance, his vows, his professions of unalterable fidelity—and forgave him. Nay more, when he urged the necessity of a clandestine union, she seemed half disposed to assent to it. Emboldened by his success, Seymour resolved to bring the matter to the immediate issue suggested by his esquire.



"Why should our happiness be longer delayed?" he urged. "Why should not our marriage take place this very night—here in the Tower—in Saint Peter's Chapel?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Catherine.

"Nay, the thing is quite possible, and only wants your consent to its fulfilment. The chaplain of the Tower will unite us. We shall then be secure against all danger, and may defy our enemies."

"But this is too sudden, Seymour. I cannot prepare myself in so short a time."

"No preparation is needed," he cried. "Decision only is required, and you *have* decided in my favour, that I feel, my queen!" And throwing himself at her feet, he pressed her hand passionately to his lips. "Why should we trust to the future when the present is ours?" he continued, fervently. "To-morrow, unforeseen obstacles and difficulties may arise. Let us seize upon happiness while it is yet within reach."

"It is very hasty!" murmured Catherine, but in a tone that showed she meant to yield.

"It seems so; but since we cannot control circumstances, we must bend to them. To-night! let it be to-night, Catherine!"

The queen consented. Her judgment was not blinded. She knew the imprudence of the step she was about to take. She knew the character of the man who sought her hand. Yet she agreed to a sudden and secret marriage with him. Her love overmastered her discretion. Some excuse may be found for her in the resistless manner and extraordinary personal attractions of her suitor. Few of her sex would have come off scathless from the ordeal to which she was subjected. Seymour seemed created to beguile, and on this occasion his power of fascination certainly did not desert him. As he arose from his kneeling posture, with a countenance flushed with triumph, he looked so superbly handsome that it was impossible to regard him without admiration.

"Heaven forgive me if I have done wrong in thus yielding!" cried Catherine. "My heart fails me, yet I must go on. I trust all my happiness to you, Seymour. Do not again deceive me!"

"Have no misgiving, Catherine," he rejoined. "My life shall be devoted to you."

It was then arranged that Catherine should attend vespers in Saint Peter's Chapel that evening. She was to be accompanied by Lady Herbert, Seymour's sister, who, as we have seen, was devoted to her brother, and on whom entire reliance could be placed. Seymour also would be in the chapel with the Marquis of Dorset, on whose aid he could count, and Ugo Harrington. When vespers were over, and the chapel cleared, the doors could be locked, and the marriage securely accomplished. No difficulty was apprehended in regard to the chaplain. Seymour undertook to secure his services on the occasion, and subsequent silence, so long as secrecy was required. This arrangement being assented to by the queen,

with fresh protestations of devotion Seymour took his departure, greatly elated by his success.

But his exultation was quickly dashed. While traversing a corridor on his way to the Wardrobe Tower, he unexpectedly encountered the Princess Elizabeth. The princess was attended by her governess and Sir John Gage, and was in the act of quitting the Tower, an escort being in readiness for her without. Up to this moment she had looked exceedingly pale, but her cheek flushed as she met Seymour's gaze. But she gave no other sign of emotion. Coldly returning his profound salutation, she passed proudly on, without a word.

"I would I had not beheld her at this moment. The sight of her shakes my purpose," he exclaimed, gazing after her. "'Tis strange how she still clings to my heart. But I must have done with this folly. 'Tis idle to think of her more."

And he went on. But Elizabeth's image haunted him still.

That evening, however, the marriage took place in the manner arranged; the chaplain's connivance and services being secured by Ugo. The queen and Lady Herbert were in Saint Peter's Chapel; so also was Seymour, with his esquire and the Marquis of Dorset.

When all fear of intrusion or interruption was over, the ceremony was performed, and the widow of Henry VIII. became the spouse of the new-made Lord Seymour of Sudley.

Close beside the altar where they were wedded were laid two of Henry's slaughtered queens—Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. Little did Seymour dream at that hour that at no distant day he would have a place beside them. Little did he dream, as he uttered his vows at the altar—vows so ill kept!—that he stood within a few paces of his own grave.

## V. 4

HOW KING EDWARD RODE FROM THE TOWER TO THE PALACE  
OF WHITEHALL.

APPOINTED for Shrove Sunday, 1547, Edward's coronation was to be celebrated with great pomp; but divers old observances and formalities were to be discontinued, lest, as declared by the order of the council, "the tedious length of the same should weary, and be peradventure hurtsome to the king's majesty, being yet of tender age. And also for that many points of the same are such as by the laws of the realm at this present are not allowable." These alterations and omis-

sions, relating chiefly to the papal supremacy, were proposed by Cranmer, and vehemently objected to by the Lord Chancellor, Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, the Earls of Arundel and St. John, and other adherents to the Church of Rome in the council, but after much deliberation and discussion, were eventually agreed upon. Several changes, indeed, were indispensable, since Edward was the first monarch who had assumed the crown subsequent to the throwing off of the Pope's authority.

Unusual interest attached to the ceremony owing to Edward's extreme youth, coupled with the circumstance of his being the first Protestant monarch who had assumed the crown. The latter circumstance led to much discussion with those of the opposite faith, and the proposed innovations were warmly discussed, but however divided the two sects might be on points of doctrine, each looked forward with interest to the young monarch's coronation, and both were disposed to regard it as an auspicious event.



In order that the new reign might be marked by clemency, a general pardon was proclaimed, from which, however, two distinguished persons were excepted—namely, the Duke of Norfolk and Cardinal Pole; with some others of less note, as Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, Thomas Pate, Archdeacon of Lincoln, with two gentlemen named Fortescue and Throckmorton, all of whom had been attainted of treason in the late reign. It was asserted that the Lord Protector feared to liberate the Duke of Norfolk, and that Cranmer had an equal dread of Pole.

Edward having announced his intention of proceeding to the palace of Whitehall on the day before his coronation, great preparations were made by the citizens to give effect to his progress. Luckily, the weather was propitious. The day was kept as a general holiday, and was ushered in by the joyous pealing of church bells, and by the discharge of cannon.

At the Tower the note of preparation was


sounded betimes, and the guard of honour, with the archers and arquebusiers, appointed to attend the king, were drawn up on the green in front of the palace. Amongst the first to depart was Queen Catherine, who, with her ladies, was conveyed by water to Whitehall. The Duchess of Somerset, the Marchioness of Dorset, and others, followed in the same manner.

Precisely at noon Edward set forth. Cannon were fired from the summit of the White Tower as he issued from the portals of the palace and mounted his milk-white palfrey, which was superbly caparisoned with damask gold deeply purpled with ermine. His own attire was of corresponding magnificence, for having laid aside his mourning, he now wore a robe of crimson velvet trimmed with ermine, a jerkin of raised gold, with a placard studded with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls, and a gold chain, similarly ornamented, thrown over his shoulders. His hat, with a white feather in it, was looped with diamonds. Addi-

tional effect was given to the splendour of his appearance by a canopy of cloth of gold, which was borne above him by four barons of the Cinque Ports apparelled in scarlet.

An advanced guard having set forward to clear the way, the royal cavalcade was put in motion. At its head rode the Duke of Somerset, habited in gold tissue, embroidered with roses, with the collar of the Garter round his neck. The trappings of his steed were of crimson velvet, worked with bullion gold, curiously wrought. The duke was followed by the nine children of honour, apparelled in blue velvet, powdered with fleurs-de-lys of gold, and having chains of gold round their necks. Their horses were richly trapped, and on each was displayed one of the king's titles, as France, Gascoigne, Guienne, Normandy, Anjou, Wales, Cornwall, and Ireland.

Then came the Marquis of Dorset, specially appointed for the occasion Constable of England, bearing the sword. He was mounted on a great



courser, richly trapped and embroidered. On his right, but a little behind him, rode the Earl of Warwick, now Lord Great Chamberlain, likewise very magnificently attired ; and on the left the Earl of Arundel, Lord Chamberlain, but now temporarily filling the post of Earl Marshal, as deputy of the Duke of Somerset.

Next came the king on his palfrey, with the canopy of state borne over his head, as already described.


After his majesty rode Sir Anthony Brown, Master of the Horse, richly arrayed in tissue of gold, and leading the king's spare charger, barded and sumptuously trapped.

Then came the Lord High Admiral, Lord Seymour of Sudley, resplendent in cloth of gold, velvet and gems, his charger trapped in burned silver, drawn over with cords of green silk and gold, and fringed with gold. Beyond all question the most splendid-looking personage in the procession, Lord Seymour attracted universal attention.

Then followed a long array of nobles, knights, esquires, and gentlemen, all well mounted, and richly apparelled in cloth of gold, cloth of silver, tinsel, and embroidered velvet. A company of halberdiers formed the rear guard. With these marched the three gigantic warders.

To his infinite delight, Xit was permitted to accompany the procession. He was provided with a pony about the size of Pacolet's horse, which had occasioned him such dire mischance. Trapped like a larger steed, this spirited little animal exactly suited his rider, being full of tricks and mischief. Xit rode with the pursuivants, whose duty it was to keep order in the procession, attending them whithersoever they went, and causing much amusement by his assumption of authority.

A brief halt was made by the young monarch at the gate of the By-ward Tower, where he addressed a few gracious words to Sir John Gage, Sir John Markham, the gentleman porter, and



other officers of the fortress, who were there drawn up.

“We thank you heartily, our trusty Constable,” he said, “and you, our worthy Lieutenant, and you too, gentlemen, for the care ye have taken of us during our sojourn at the Tower. We will not say farewell to you, Sir John Gage, since we shall have you with us at Whitehall. But to you, Sir John Markham, and you, gentlemen, we must bid adieu for a while, committing our fortress to your custody.”

Bending gracefully in return for the salutations addressed him, he then moved on, while Sir John Gage, mounting a richly-trapped charger, which was held in readiness for him by an esquire, took his place in the procession by the side of Lord Seymour.

While glancing round at the burly yeomen of the guard stationed near the barbican, Edward remarked amidst the throng the repulsive and ill-omened countenance of Manger, and with an irre-

pressible thrill of horror instantly averted his gaze. So perceptible was the movement, and so obvious the cause of it, that some of the yeomen laughed, and one of them observed to the executioner, "His majesty likes not thy looks, gossip."

"I cannot help it," rejoined Mauger, gruffly. "I cannot amend my visage to please him. But though he turns away from me now in disgust, he will lack my aid hereafter. Two of the proudest of those who have just gone by shall mount Tower-hill one of these days in very different guise from that in which they are proceeding thither now."

"Have done with thy croaking, thou bird of ill omen!" exclaimed the yeoman, shuddering at his words.

"There goes a third!" cried Mauger, without heeding the remark.

"Why, that is the Lord High Admiral of England, his majesty's favourite uncle," observed his companion.

"What of that?" rejoined Mauger, with a grim



look. "Greater than he have died by the axe. I tell thee it is his destiny to perish on Tower-hill. If thou liv'st long enough, thou wilt find my prediction verified."

Disturbed by no dread of the future, but, on the contrary, full of high and ambitious hopes, Lord Seymour rode on by the side of the Constable, his gay looks, affable manner, and splendid attire, contrasting strongly with the grave deportment and stern countenance of the latter.

Cannon thundered from the battlements of the fortress, and from the great ships moored in the river, as the king issued from the outer gate, and deafening cheers arose from the crowd assembled to see him pass by. All the streets through which the royal procession had to wend its way were railed to keep off the multitude, and gravelled to prevent the horses from slipping. Barriers, also, were erected at certain points.

Shaping its course along Tower-street, the cavalcade struck off on the right into Gracechurch-



street, and passing through Lombard-street, reached Cornhill. As upon the occasion of Edward's first entrance to the City, the fronts of the houses were hung with tapestry and rich stuffs. In Lombard-street especially, which was almost entirely inhabited by wealthy goldsmiths, there was a magnificent display of cloths of gold, silver, and other tissues.

Stages were erected for the different City companies, on which stood the wardens and their assistants in their gowns and liveries. Most of the companies had minstrels with them, but the best display was made by the Goldsmiths, who had a bevy of beautiful young maidens, dressed in white, and bearing silver branches containing burning tapers, ranged in front of their stage. Moreover, a pageant was exhibited by this company with which the young monarch appeared greatly pleased.


This was the manner of it. On a platform adjoining the stage just described, sat Saint Dun-

stan, the patron saint of the company, arrayed in a robe of white lawn, over which was a cope of bright cloth of gold hanging to the ground. The hoary locks of this saintly figure were crowned with a golden mitre set with topazes, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and sapphires. In his left hand he held a crosier of gold, and in his right a large pair of goldsmith's tongs, likewise of gold. Opposite the elevated seat occupied by Saint Dunstan was a forge, at which a workman was blowing with a huge pair of bellows. In another part artificers were beating out plate with hammer and anvil; while a third party were employed in forging and shaping vessels of gold and silver. At the back there was an open cupboard filled with glittering cups and dishes, and near it a stand piled with ingots of costly metals. Then there were assayers, finers, and chasers; and finally, there was Beelzebub himself, who, after playing sundry diverting tricks with the artificers, was caught by the nose by Saint Dunstan's golden

tongs, and held captive for a time, roaring most lustily while so detained.

But this was not the only pageant prepared for the young king's delectation. In Cheapside, not far from the Cross, where the lord mayor and aldermen, with the rest of the civic authorities, were assembled to give expression to their loyalty and devotion, was exhibited the device of a golden mountain, with a tree on the summit covered with fruit, like that grown, as poets feign, in the gardens of the Hesperides. On Edward's approach this golden mount, which was reared on a lofty stage, burst open, and a sylph-like figure in thin gauzy attire, attended by a number of little sprites, fantastically arrayed, issued from it. Having executed a merry dance upon the stage, these elfs retired with their queen, and the mountain closed upon them.

Other devices there were, very gorgeous and curious, but we cannot pause to particularise them.




The populace were in high good humour, largesse being liberally distributed by the heralds; while all who listed could drink the king's health, for the conduits ran wine instead of water. Cheers of the most enthusiastic kind attended the youthful monarch during his progress, and blessings were showered on his head.

At length, after repeated delays, the cavalcade approached Saint Paul's, then a noble Gothic pile, with which the modern cathedral can in no wise be compared. Independently of its magnitude and beauty, the ancient cathedral possessed at this time the loftiest steeple in Europe, its height being five hundred and twenty feet from the ground, while the spire itself, which was of wood, and which was destroyed by fire in the subsequent reign of Elizabeth, sprang two hundred and sixty feet above the tower. From the summit of this lofty tower, strains, which might well be termed seraphic, now resounded. Thither the well-trained

choir of the cathedral had mounted, and pouring down their voices on the assemblage beneath, ravished the ears of all who listened to them.

As these strains ceased, the great door of the cathedral was thrown open, allowing the deep diapasons of the organ to be heard, amid which, preceded by his cross, came forth the Bishop of London, in his mitre and robes, and bearing his crosier. He was followed by the dean, canons, and chaplains in their copes and surplices, and proceeded to cense the king.

To this impressive ceremony succeeded an exhibition of a widely different character. We omitted to mention that from the battlements of the great tower a cable had been drawn, which was made fast to a ring fixed in the masonry of the dean's gate. While Edward, who had been enchanted by the almost angelic music he had heard, was looking upwards, as if in expectation of further melody of the same nature, he perceived a man step forth upon the giddy verge of the tower bat-



lements with a small silk flag in either hand, which he waved to the assemblage below. The appearance of this personage, who, seen from that great height, looked like one of the grotesque stone sculptures of the edifice, was greeted with loud shouts by the spectators.

At this juncture, Xit, who had contrived to work his way to the king, called out, "'Tis Pacolet, sire. I know him even at this distance."

Just as the words were uttered, the mountebank—for it was he—threw himself with his breast on the cable, and stretching out his hands, which still grasped the flags, shot down the rope with amazing swiftness, but happily reached the ground unhurt. The rapidity of Pacolet's descent, which resembled the flight of a meteor, took away the breath of the spectators, but as soon as he was safely landed a tremendous shout arose. The applause was redoubled as the mountebank, nothing daunted by his perilous exploit, nimbly reascended the cable, and when he had attained a sufficient altitude for

his purpose, began to execute various extraordinary and hazardous-looking feats. Perhaps no one of the thousand spectators who witnessed it was more delighted with the performance than Xit. He screamed like a child with delight; and his satisfaction was completed, when he was ordered by the king to see a dozen marks bestowed upon the adventurous mountebank.

Quitting the cathedral, the cavalcade then went on. At Ludgate, however, another brief stoppage occurred, for here a fresh pageant had to be exhibited.

From this part of the old City walls an admirable view was commanded of the procession both on its approach from Saint Paul's and during its descent of Ludgate-hill. The long line of gorgeously-attired horsemen could be seen crossing the narrow bridge over the Fleet, and proceeding slowly along Fleet-street. In other respects, however, the view from this point was exceedingly striking. As the spectator looked eastward, the

noble cathedral in all its grandeur rose before him. Nearer, at the foot of the majestic pile, was Paul's Cross, where homilies were now constantly preached. Turning in the opposite direction, after surveying the then sharp descent of Ludgate-hill, and the open ground watered by the Fleet, he could plunge his gaze through the narrow but picturesque streets almost as far as Temple Bar.

In this quarter were situated some of the oldest and most curious habitations in the metropolis. The streets were narrow, the houses lofty, with high roofs and quaintly-carved gables, each story projecting beyond the other, so that the occupants of the higher rooms could almost shake hands with their opposite neighbours; but with all these objections, and many others that might be raised to them, there can be no doubt that these ancient structures were highly picturesque in appearance, and that to an artist the London of the sixteenth century would have been preferable to the London of our own era.



Down precipitous Ludgate-hill, with its houses climbing to the skies as we have described, and almost meeting above; across Fleet Bridge—the space on either side of the stream being thronged by spectators—did the splendid cavalcade move on.

Here, again, the scene was striking and picturesque, and immeasurably in favour of old London. On the banks of the Thames, on the left, stood Baynard's Castle, a vast and stern-looking structure; further on, on the same side, was the ancient palace of Bridewell. On the right, amidst a host of quaint old buildings, was the large and gloomy prison which took its name from the little river that washed its walls.

At Temple Bar, the lord mayor and aldermen, who had accompanied the procession from Cheapside, took their leave, and the cavalcade moved at a somewhat quicker pace along the Strand.

Here fresh crowds welcomed the young monarch, and greetings as hearty and enthusiastic as



those he had received in the City saluted him. Though the houses were not so richly set forth as those of the wealthy goldsmiths of Lombard-street, still there was no lack of decoration—and arras and painted hangings were plentiful enough.

Amid cheers and blessings the young king reached Charing-cross, and passing through the beautiful gate of Whitehall, then but recently erected, immediately afterwards dismounted at the principal entrance of the palace.

Somewhat fatigued by his ride, which, owing to the many delays, had occupied nearly four hours, and anxious to reserve his forces for the morrow, Edward withdrew to his own chamber, and did not appear again on that day.

## VI.

HOW KING EDWARD VI. WAS CROWNED IN WESTMINSTER  
ABBEY.

WITHIN the ancient abbey of Westminster, where his sire and grandsire had been crowned, and where so many of his predecessors had been consecrated and anointed kings, all needful preparations were made for the youthful Edward's coronation.

In the midst of the choir, and opposite the high altar, was reared a lofty stage, the floor of which was covered with rich carpets, and the sides hung with cloth of gold. Two-and-twenty

broad steps led to the summit of this stage from the west, but the descent to the altar comprised little more than half that number. The altar itself made a magnificent show, being covered with vessels of silver and gold, and having a gorgeous valance decked with jewels. The ancient tombs of King Sebert, Aymer de Valence, and Edmund Crouchback, were shrouded with curtains of golden arras. Many other parts of the choir were similarly decorated, as were the noble pillars in the body of the edifice, which were partially covered with red and white velvet, and hung with banners and escutcheons.

At an early hour in the morning all the approaches to the abbey were thronged by thousands eager to gain admission, and before eight o'clock every available position in the vast building, not reserved for those about to be engaged in the solemnity, was occupied.

About nine o'clock, the sense of tediousness which had begun to afflict the assemblage was

somewhat relieved by the appearance of the choristers. These were attired in their copes, and had six large silver crosses with them. Next came forth the children of the king's chapel, arrayed in scarlet, with surplices and copes. Then appeared the chaplains in surplices and grey amices, who were followed, after a short interval, by ten bishops, mitred, clothed in scarlet, with rochets and copes, and each carrying a crosier. After another short pause, the Archbishop of Canterbury himself appeared, mitred likewise, and in his full pontificals, and having his crosses borne before him.

Apparently wholly unconscious of the great interest he excited, Cranmer looked exceedingly grave, as if deeply impressed with the solemn nature of the ceremony on which he was engaged.

Having formed themselves into a procession, the various ecclesiastics marched forth from the great door opening upon the body of the fane for the purpose of conducting the king to the abbey.

From this door cloth of raye was laid down to the principal entrance of the palace. This privileged path was railed, and lined on either side by archers and halberdiers. Marshals, standard-bearers, and other officers were ranged at short distances from each other along the lines.


The spectacle was magnificent. A bright sunshiny morning exhilarated the vast multitude collected around the abbey and within the courts of the palace, and kept them all in good humour. Not a single untoward circumstance occurred to disturb the general harmony.

Meanwhile, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the prelates and their train, had entered the palace, and every eye was fixed on the grand portal, the steps of which were lined by ushers and officers of the royal household.

At length, loud flourishes of trumpets announced the king's approach. First came forth the trumpeters in their embroidered coats, having their clarions adorned with silken pennons. Next fol-

lowed the heralds in their coats of arms. Then came the pursuivants with their maces, and a little after them marched Xit, staggering under the weight of a silver mace larger than himself, and causing much diversion by his efforts to carry it. Next came Og, Gog, and Magog, followed by nine other tall yeomen of the guard, whom the giants overtopped by a head. Then followed the children of the king's chapel, the choir, the chaplains, the bearers of the crosses, the ten bishops, and lastly, the dignified and venerable-looking Cranmer.

Again loud flourishes resounded, and following another band of trumpeters, appalled like the first, came the Earl of Northampton, in a rich robe, bareheaded, and carrying a pair of gilt spurs—as a symbol of knighthood. After him came the Earl of Arundel, equally splendidly arrayed, holding a bare and pointless sword—signifying mercy. Next came the Earl of Dorset, bearing the Constable's mace. A second sword, sharpened



at the point, to signify justice to the temporality, was borne by the Earl of Warwick. A third sword, likewise pointed, and denoting justice to the clergy, was borne by the Earl of Derby. Then followed the Earl of Oxford with the sceptre, to signify peace. Then came Shrewsbury, bearing the ball and cross, signifying monarchy. Then came Lord Seymour of Sudley, magnificently attired, bearing the sword of state in its scabbard. Then followed Barons Rich, Sheffield, and Willoughby, marching together. After them came Garter King at Arms, in his rich coat, with the Lord Mayor on his left, carrying a mace, and the Constable of the Tower on his right. Then came the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, and the Lord Privy Seal, in their full robes. Then followed the Lord Protector, carrying the crown of Saint Edward on a crimson velvet cushion. All these noble personages were bareheaded.

The crowd had looked on with wonder and delight, and had loudly expressed their admiration



of the Lord High Admiral's splendid appearance, but a tremendous shout rent the air as the young king now came forth beneath his canopy borne by four barons of the Cinque Ports. He was apparelled in a robe of purple velvet deeply bordered with ermine, and his train was borne by six pages in white satin. As Edward marched on towards the abbey, smiling to the right and left in reply to the cheers with which he was greeted, it required the halberdiers to stand firm in order to resist the pressure of the crowd.

The trumpet-blasts and the tremendous cheering had apprised those within the abbey that the king was at hand, and all were on the tiptoe of expectation; but before describing the entrance of the procession, let us cast a hasty glance around the magnificent building. Magnificent, in sooth, it looked on this occasion. A spectacle of extraordinary splendour and beauty burst upon the beholder as he passed through the great doorway and looked towards the choir. With the exception

of the railed and carpeted space in the centre of the pavement, the whole body of the pile was thronged with spectators clad in the variegated and picturesque costumes of the period. Robes, cloaks, and doublets there were of cloth, silk, velvet, and other stuffs, of as many hues as the rainbow. Additional depth of dye was imparted to these many-coloured garments from the light streaming down upon them from the richly-painted windows. Amidst the closely-packed crowd rose the tall grey pillars lining the aisles, decked with banners and escutcheons, as before described. The effect of the choir was marvellous. The doors were left wide open, so that the splendid estrade on which the ceremony was to be performed could be seen from all points. Nave, aisles, and galleries ere thronged; so were the transepts on either side of the choir, so were the ambulatories adjoining the chapel of Saint Edmund the Confessor; so were many other places which could by no possibility command a view of the solemnity. In Saint Edmund's Chapel,

which communicated with the choir by two doorways near the altar, were congregated the nobles about to do homage to the king. Even Henry the Seventh's Chapel was filled by those who had been unable to obtain accommodation elsewhere.

By this time, the foremost part of the procession had poured into the nave, and, amid loud blasts from the trumpeters, the young king at last set foot within the abbey. His canopy was still held over him, and with much dignity of deportment he proceeded towards the choir, where he was met by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Protector, and conducted to the chapel of Saint Edmund the Confessor.

After tarrying there for a short time, he was brought forth seated in a chair of crimson velvet, which was carried by Lord Seymour and Sir John Gage, and conveyed to the summit of the estrade, at the north end of which he was set down by his bearers.

Cranmer, who, with the Lord Protector, had followed him, then advanced, and looking at the assemblage, which had become perfectly silent, called out in a sonorous voice, "Sirs, I here present unto you King Edward, the rightful inheritor to the crown of this realm. Therefore, all ye that be come this day to do your homage, service, and bounden duty, be ye willing to do the same?"

An enthusiastic response was instantly made—the assemblage crying out with one accord, "Yea! yea!—King Edward! King Edward!"

A similar address was made by the archbishop at each of the other corners of the stage, and like responses returned.

After this, the Bishops of London and Westminster ascended the stage, and raising the king from his seat, conducted him to the high altar, where he reverently knelt down, but after a short prayer rose again, and offerings being brought him by the Earl of Warwick, he laid them upon

the altar. This done, he prostrated himself on his face, while the Archbishop of Canterbury recited the collect, *Deus humilium*.

Aided by the prelates, the king then arose and returned to his chair, which had meanwhile been so placed as to face the altar. Seating himself within it, he steadily regarded the primate, who thus interrogated him in tones calculated to be heard by all those near at hand: "Dread sire, do you engage to your people that the laws and liberties shall be respected and upheld?"

"I solemnly promise it," replied the young king, in a distinct voice.

"Do you engage to keep peace with the Church of God, and with all men?" proceeded Cranmer.

"This also I solemnly promise," was Edward's reply.

"Do you engage to administer justice in all your dooms and judgments, tempered with mercy?"

"I will never swerve from justice," responded

Edward, in his clear silvery voice, which penetrated all hearts; "yet will I ever be merciful."

"Do you engage to make no laws but such as shall be to the honour and glory of God, and to the good of the Commonwealth?—And to make such laws only with the consent of your people?"

"Such laws alone will I make as shall be acceptable in the sight of God, and to my people," replied Edward, emphatically.

The archbishop having finished his interrogations, Edward arose, and being conducted to the altar by the two prelates, a solemn oath upon the sacrament was proposed to him in these terms by Cranmer: "All things which I have promised I will observe and keep. So may God help me, and so the holy Evangelists by me bodily touched upon the altar!"

This oath being taken, Edward prostrated himself with the same humility as before, while the archbishop began with a loud voice the *Veni Creator spiritus*.

Cranmer then arose, and standing over the still prostrate king, said the *Te invocamus*. This done, Edward was again assisted to his feet by the prelates; after which, the Earl of Warwick advanced, and divested him of his robe and jerkin, so that a crimson satin shirt was alone left upon his shoulders. A pall of red cloth of gold was then held over him by Sir Anthony Denny and Sir William Herbert, while the archbishop proceeded to anoint him, first on the palms of the hands, next on the breast, then on the back and arms, and finally on the head, making a cross as he did so with the holy chrism. While this portion of the ceremony was performed, solemn notes from the organ pealed through the fane, and the whole choir chanted *Ungebant regem*.

The ceremonial of inunction being completed, Edward arose, and the archbishop arrayed him in a tabard of tantaron-white, shaped like a dalmatic, placing a gold coif on his head, which was brought by the Earl of Warwick. He was next

girt with a sword, the weapon being afterwards laid reverently upon the altar to signify that his power was derived from Heaven. This done, he again sat down, whereupon regal sandals and spurs were placed upon his feet by the Lord Chamberlain—the latter being immediately afterwards removed, lest they should incommode him.

Saint Edward's crown was then delivered by the Lord Protector to Cranmer, and placed by the archbishop on the young king's brows. At the same time, the sceptre was placed in the king's left hand, and the orb and cross in his right. After Edward had worn the crown for a moment, it was taken off, and replaced by the crown of France, which was likewise furnished by the Duke of Somerset. A third crown, that of Ireland, was next put on the young king's head, and this being removed, the crown of England was brought back, and worn by Edward during the remainder of the ceremony.

Trumpets were now blown lustily from the



rood-loft; the organ pealed forth its loudest notes; and the whole choir sang *Te Deum laudamus*.

Then all the lords, spiritual and temporal, beginning with the Lord Protector, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor, knelt down before the king, one after the other, according to their degrees, and did homage to him, kissing his right foot and his left cheek, and holding their hands between the king's hands.

Owing to the great number of nobles present, this part of the ceremony occupied a considerable time; but when all had rendered homage, they cried with one voice, "God save King Edward!" and the vast assemblage joined heartily in the shout.

High mass was then performed, and at its close Edward, still wearing the crown, and attended by the Lord Protector and the whole of the nobles, quitted the abbey amid manifestations of the greatest enthusiasm, and returned to the palace of Whitehall.

## VII.

OF THE ROYAL BANQUET IN WESTMINSTER HALL. HOW THE  
KING'S CHAMPION MADE HIS CHALLENGE THEREAT; AND  
HOW KIT FOUGHT WITH A WILD MAN.

WITHIN the mighty hall built by William Rufus, and renovated and enlarged by Richard II., by whom the marvellous and unequalled Gothic roof was added, preparations had been made on the grandest scale for a banquet to be given by the king to his nobles immediately after the coronation.

This vast chamber—supposed to be the largest in the world unsupported by pillars, and the size

of which may be estimated from the fact that six thousand persons have been entertained within at one time — was magnificently decorated for the occasion. The walls were hung with arras to about half their height. Banners depended from the huge chesnut beams of the roof, and the sculptured angels supporting the rafters were furnished with escutcheons of the king's arms.

Three long tables, each capable of accommodating three hundred guests, were laid within the body of the hall. Upon the dais, at the upper end, was set a table intended for the king and the chief nobles, covered with the fairest napery, and literally blazing with vessels of gold and silver of rarest workmanship and device. Over the royal chair was a canopy of cloth of gold, embroidered with the king's arms, and at either end of the table stood an open cupboard, nine stages high, filled with glittering salvers, costly ornaments of gold and silver, goblets, and other drinking-vessels.

About half way down the hall, on the left, a platform was erected for the minstrels, and on the opposite side was a similar stage for the carvers.

No sooner was the solemnity within the abbey at an end, than all who had invitations to the banquet—and they were upwards of a thousand persons—proceeded to Westminster Hall, and were promptly conducted by the marshals and ushers to their places. Not a seat at either of the three long tables was soon left vacant; and what with gentlemen waiters, and yeomen waiters, marshals, ushers, grooms, and serving-men, the body of the hall was quite full.

Loud flourishes of trumpets from the upper end of the spacious chamber then proclaimed the king's approach. First of all, the nobles entered, and were ushered to their places by the vice-chamberlain, Sir Anthony Wingfield; then the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord Protector, and lastly, the king.

Cranmer sat on the right of the royal chair, and the Lord Protector on the left.

Grace having been solemnly said, the trumpets were again sounded, and as the first course was brought in by a vast train of attendants, the Earl of Warwick, lord great chamberlain, and the Earl of Arundel, lord chamberlain of the household, magnificently arrayed, and mounted on horses trapped in cloth of gold and velvet, entered the hall by the great door, and rode between the long tables to the dais to superintend the service.

It would be superfluous to describe the dishes either at the king's table or at those assigned to the less important guests. It will be enough to say that the banquet was ordered in right regal fashion, with many subtleties and strange devices; that the meats were of the daintiest, and the wines of the best and rarest. "What should I speak or write of the sumptuous, fine, and delicate meats prepared for this high and honourable coronation,"

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quoth an old chronicler, "or of the honourable order of the services, the clean-handling and breaking of meats, the ordering of the dishes, with the plentiful abundance, so that no worshipful person went away unfeasted?"

When the second course was served, which was yet more sumptuous than the first, the great door of the hall was again thrown wide open to admit the king's champion, Sir John Dymoke. Armed, cap-à-pied, in burnished steel, having a plume of white ostrich feathers in his helm, and mounted on a charger, trapped in gold tissue, embroidered with the arms of England and France, the champion rode slowly up the centre of the hall, preceded by a herald. The champion might well be splendidly equipped and proudly mounted, since, by his office, he was allowed the king's best suit of armour, "save one," and the best charger from the royal stables, "save one," with trappings to boot.

As Sir John Dymoke approached the dais, he

was encountered by Garter King at Arms, who called out to him in a loud voice, "Whence come you, Sir Knight, and what is your pretence?"

"That you shall hear anon," replied the champion, courteously. And addressing his own herald, he commanded him to make proclamation, who, after thrice exclaiming "Oyez!" thus proceeded: "If there be any person here, of whatsoever state or degree, who shall declare that King Edward the Sixth is not the rightful inheritor of this realm, I, Sir John Dymoke, the king's champion, offer him my glove, and will do battle with him, to the utterance."

As the herald concluded, Sir John took off his gauntlet and hurled it on the ground. This challenge was afterwards repeated in different parts of the hall. As the defiance, however, was not accepted, the champion rode towards the dais, and demanded a cup of wine. A large parcel-gilt goblet, filled with malmsey, was then handed him by the chief cupbearer, and having drunk from

it, he claimed the cover, which being given him, he retired.

The banquet then proceeded. The trumpets sounded for the third course, and when it had been brought in, a side door on the right of the hall was opened, and gave admittance to a device of a very unusual character. Three colossal figures, clad in Anglo-Saxon armour of the period of the Conquest, such as may be seen in ancient tapestry, and consisting of mingled leather and steel, and wearing conical helmets, with fantastic nasal projections, shaped like the beak of a bird, entered, carrying over their heads an enormous shield, the circumference of which was almost as large as King Arthur's famous Round Table, as it had need to be, since it formed a stage for the display of a fully-equipped knight mounted on a charger, barded and trapped. These huge Anglo-Saxon warriors, it is scarcely necessary to say, were the gigantic warders of the Tower, while the knight they bore upon the shield, it is equally needless to



add, was the king's dwarf. Mounted on his pony, which, as we have said, was trapped like a war-horse, Xit carried a tilting-lance in his hand, and a battle-axe at his saddle-bow. As he was borne along the hall in his exalted position, he looked round with a smile of triumph. After the giants came another fantastic personage, partially clad in the skins of wild animals, with a grotesque mask on his face, sandals on his feet, and a massive-looking club on his shoulder. This wild-looking man was Pacolet.

As the knightly dwarf was brought within a short distance of the royal table, which, from his eminent position, he quite overlooked, he was met by Garter, who demanded his title and pretence.

"I am called Sir Pumilio," replied Xit, in a shrill voice, "and the occasion of my coming hither is to do battle with a wild man in the king's presence, if I be so permitted."

"His majesty greets thee well, Sir Pumilio," rejoined Garter, with difficulty preserving his

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countenance. "Do thy devoir as becomes a valiant knight."

"I will essay to do so," cried Xit. "Where lurks the fierce savage?" he added.

"Behold him!" cried Pacolet.

While Xit was talking to Garter, the agile mountebank had climbed the shoulders of a tall yeoman of the guard who was standing near, and he now sprang upon the shield. Xit immediately charged him, and strove to drive him off the stage, but Pacolet adroitly avoided the thrust, and the dwarf had well-nigh gone over himself. The combatants had not a very large arena for the display of their prowess, but they made the best of it, and Pacolet's tricks were so diverting that they excited general merriment. After the combat had endured a few minutes, Pacolet, apparently sore pressed, struck the shield with his club, and instantly afterwards leaped to the ground. Scarcely was he gone than the rim of the shield rose as if by magic, developing a series of thin iron bars,

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which enclosed the dwarf like a rat in a trap. Great was Xit's surprise and rage at this occurrence, for which he was wholly unprepared. He struck the bars of his cage with his lance, but they were strong enough to resist his efforts; he commanded the giants to liberate him, but in vain. At last he was set free by Pacolet, and carried off amid inextinguishable laughter.

Preceded by trumpeters, making a loud bruit with their clarions, and attended by Norroy and Clarendieux, Garter next made proclamation of the king's titles in different parts of the hall. At each proclamation, the heralds called out, "Largesse! largesse!" whereupon, many costly ornaments were bestowed upon them by the nobles, knights, and esquires.

Towards the close of the feast, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Henry Hubblethorne, who it will be remembered was the first knight dubbed by the king on his arrival at the Tower, arose from his seat at the upper table, and kneeling before the

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young monarch, offered him a silver cup, encrusted with gems, and filled with hippocrass. Edward received him very graciously, and having drunk to the prosperity of the good city of London, returned him the cup, bidding him keep it in remembrance of the occasion.

So ended this grand and memorable banquet.

The king then repaired to the palace, where the jousts and tilting matches were held in the courts, at which Lord Seymour, to his royal nephew's great contentment, bore away the chief prize.

## VIII.

## HOW THE LORD CHANCELLOR WAS DISGRACED.

THOUGH the crown had been placed on the youthful Edward's brows, supreme authority rested with the Lord Protector. His only formidable opponent was Southampton, and the removal of the latter, as already intimated, had been resolved upon. A plan for effectually getting rid of him was hit upon by Paget, and unfortunately for the Lord Chancellor, his own imprudence furnished a pretext for his overthrow and disgrace.

Wholly unconscious, however, of the critical po-

sition in which he stood, and unaware of the projects of his enemies, Southampton attended the first council held within the palace, and commenced by fiercely attacking Somerset for his usurpation of power, and disregard of the king's will. He had not proceeded far when he was interrupted by Paget, who called, "Hold, my lord ; before accusing his Highness the Lord Protector, you must answer certain grave charges which I have to prefer against yourself."

"What charges be they?" demanded the Lord Chancellor, haughtily.

"My lord, I accuse you of gross neglect of duty," rejoined Paget, "in putting the seal in commission, and deputing to certain masters in Chancery the power to hear causes and pronounce decisions; duties which ought by right to be discharged by yourself alone. This you have done without license or authority from the king's majesty, the Lord Protector, or the lords of the council."

"No warrant was needed for what I have done," replied Southampton, in a proud and defiant tone. "My attention cannot be given at one and the same time to affairs of state and to the business of the Court of Chancery, and I have therefore chosen to devote myself chiefly to the former. But all decisions of the masters will be ratified by myself before enrolment."

"You have outstripped your authority, my lord, in what you have done," observed Somerset, sternly. "The judges have been consulted upon the matter, and their well-considered answer is, that you, my Lord Chancellor, ought not, without warrant from the council, to have set the seal to such a commission. They regard it as a precedent of very high and ill consequence, and as an indication that a change in the laws of England is intended by you."

"Tut! tut! their fears are groundless," remarked Southampton, contemptuously.

"Hear me out, I pray you, my lord," pur-

sued Somerset. "The judges unanimously declare that by the unwarrantable and illegal act committed by you, you have forfeited your place to the king, and rendered yourself liable to fine and imprisonment at his majesty's pleasure."

"What say you to this, my lord?" cried Paget, in a taunting tone.

"I say the judges are in error, or have been basely tampered with, to deliver such an opinion," rejoined Southampton, furiously. "But the scheme is too transparent not to be seen through at a glance. 'Tis a weak device of the Lord Protector to get rid of me. But I tell him to his face that I hold my office by a better authority than he holds his own."


"How by a better authority, my lord?" cried Somerset.

"Because it was conferred upon me by my late royal master," returned Southampton, "who not only made me what I am, Lord Chancellor, but one of the governors of the realm during his



son's minority, of which office your highness seeks to deprive me. But you cannot do it, for the king's will must be observed, and by that will, as you well know, none of you have power over the others, or can cause their dismissal. Declare the commission void, if you will. I am content. But think not to deprive me of my office for no fault, or to remove me from the government, for you cannot do it."

"The arguments you have used, my lord, are of little weight," observed Lord Rich. "Each executor under the late king's will is subject to his colleagues, and cannot do any act on his own responsibility. Thus, if one of our number should be guilty of high treason or rebellion, he would be clearly punishable, and could not shelter himself under the plea that he was a member of the council, and therefore absolved from his act. If you can show that you have any warrant for what you have done, you will be held excused, but not otherwise."



"Ay, produce your warrant, my lord, if you have it?" demanded Paget, sarcastically.

The Lord Chancellor made no reply. He saw that he was caught in the toils of his enemies.

"Can you advance aught in your justification, my lord?" said the king, who had not hitherto spoken. "If so, we are willing to hear you."

"I should speak to little purpose, sire," replied Southampton, with dignity, "for my enemies are too strong for me. But I take Heaven to witness that I acted for the best."

"You had best make your submission, my lord," observed Lord Seymour. "This haughty tone will only make matters worse."

"Is it you who counsel submission, my Lord Admiral?" cried Southampton, almost fiercely. "I have declared that I had no ill design in what I did. I believed, and still believe, that I had power to act as I have acted; but you all declare otherwise. I therefore submit myself humbly to the king's mercy. If I am to be deprived of mine

office, I pray that, in consideration of past services, I may be dealt with leniently."

"Strict justice shall be done you; doubt it not, my lord," said Edward. "Withdraw, we pray you, while we deliberate upon the matter."

Upon this intimation, the Lord Chancellor quitted the council-chamber.

After the council had deliberated for some time, Lord Rich thus addressed the king: "Considering the prejudice that might ensue if the seals were allowed to continue in the hands of so arrogant a person as Lord Southampton, we are of opinion that he should be deprived of his office, and fined, and remain a prisoner in his own house at your majesty's pleasure."

"Is that the opinion of the whole council?" demanded Edward.

"It is, my liege," replied Somerset. "You cannot pardon him," he added, in a low tone.

"On whom shall the seals be bestowed?" inquired the king.

"None were more fitting for the office than the Lord St. John," replied Somerset.

"Be it as you suggest," rejoined the king.  
"Let Lord Southampton be recalled."

As the Lord Chancellor re-entered the council-chamber, he saw from the looks of all around him that the decision was against him. He therefore attempted no defence, but, with his arms folded upon his breast, listened calmly while his sentence was pronounced. A deep flush, however, suffused his swarthy features when he heard that the great seal was to be delivered to Lord St. John.

"His majesty will not gain much by the exchange," he muttered; "but the Lord Protector will. He will find the new Lord Chancellor sufficiently subservient. I pray your majesty to let me be removed at once."

His request was acceded to; and he was conducted by a guard to his own residence, Ely House, where he was detained a close prisoner.

## IX.

IN WHAT MANNER THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL DISCHARGED THE  
DUTIES OF HIS OFFICE.

FREED from his most dangerous foe, Somerset felt perfectly secure. So slavishly subservient to his will were the council, that he did not always deem it necessary to consult them. In many important matters he acted without other authority than his own. Both civil and military appointments were made by him. He signed warrants for arrest and imprisonment, and issued mandates under his own seal. He held private conferences with foreign ambassadors, and did not always dis-

close the nature of the negotiations concluded with them. Maintaining a perfectly regal state, he assumed a haughtiness of deportment, and an arrogance of tone, especially disagreeable to the old nobility, whose hatred of him was increased by his undisguised efforts to ingratiate himself with the Commons.

Called upon to fulfil his lavish promises to his adherents, Somerset found it no easy matter to satisfy their importunities. But he had a resource which in those days could readily be made available. The Church had been largely stripped of its possessions by the late king, but a good deal yet remained of which it might be deprived. A bill was hastily passed, by which nearly three thousand charities, colleges, free-chapels, and other religious establishments, were suppressed, and their rents and revenues confiscated, and transferred to the Crown. Out of the funds thus obtained, the Lord Protector enriched himself and rewarded his associates.

Calculating upon a long lease of power, Somerset determined to build himself a palace which should surpass that of Whitehall. Accordingly, he selected a site on the banks of the Thames, and recking little that it was occupied by the ancient church of St. Mary-le-Strand and other time-honoured monastic structures, he sacrilegiously ordered their demolition. With as little scruple as had actuated him in the choice of a situation for his proposed palace, he set to work to procure building materials. There were plenty of churches to supply him with masonry. Without hesitation he pulled down the large church of Saint John of Jerusalem, with its noble tower, the cloisters on the north side of Saint Paul's, with the charnel-house and chapel, and appropriated the wreck to his own use. These sacrilegious proceedings were generally condemned, and the superstitious believed they would bring him ill luck. In spite, however, of this disapprobation, Somerset House was commenced, and eventually completed.

While the Lord Protector was thus exercising the power he had so unscrupulously obtained, holding a court, lording it over the council, controlling their decrees, and occasionally sharply reproving them, conferring with foreign ambassadors, signing decrees and warrants, disposing of offices and treasures, making presentations and promotions, ordering arbitrary arrests and imprisonments, after the fashion of the imperious Harry, and in all other respects comporting himself like a king, his younger and no less ambitious brother had begun to discharge the functions of the important office conferred upon him.

Discontinued of late years, the office of Lord High Admiral was one of great trust, honour, and profit, and was usually conferred upon princes of the blood, or upon the most important of the nobility. Supreme judge of all done upon the main or upon the coasts, the Lord High Admiral had power to commission all naval officers, to impress seamen, to collect penalties and amercements.



of all transgressions at sea, to seize upon the effects of pirates, to receive all wrecks, a certain share of prizes, with many other privileges. That Lord Seymour entered upon this honourable and very lucrative office with the sole design of using it as a stepping-stone to yet higher honours, we know; but, in the mean time, he was determined that it should yield him all the influence, power, and profit possible. From a variety of sources, the Admiral had suddenly become exceedingly wealthy. Large revenues had been bestowed upon him by his royal nephew, together with a grant of the rich manor of Sudley, in Gloucestershire. Moreover, Queen Catherine's dowry was at his disposal. Thus abundantly furnished with means of display, he affected a degree of magnificence only second to that of the Lord Protector. At Seymour House, for so was his residence styled, he maintained a princely retinue of servants, grooms, pages, ushers, henchmen, and others, all sumptuously apparelled, and surrounded himself by a body of

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young gentlemen who served him as esquires. His ostentatious mode of living was highly displeasing to the Lord Protector, who remonstrated with him upon it, but ineffectually.

About a month after his instalment, the Lord High Admiral was seated one day in a large chamber looking upon the Thames, in which he usually transacted his affairs. This chamber did not belong to his private residence, but appertained to a suite of apartments assigned him at Whitehall for the conduct of his office. The walls were covered with large maps and plans of the principal English, Irish, Scottish, and French sea-ports, while the tapestry represented ancient and modern naval engagements. Spacious as was the chamber, it was so encumbered by models of ships, implements of naval warfare, and great chests, that it was no easy matter to move about it. At the moment of our visit to him, the Admiral was alone, and occupied in writing letters, but shortly afterwards another person entered the room, and

respectfully approached him. This was Ugo Harrington, who now officiated as his chief secretary. As Ugo drew near, the Admiral looked up, and inquired what he wanted.

"Is it your highness's pleasure to see those merchantmen, who are about to sail for the Mediterranean?" inquired Ugo, bowing.

"Hast thou given them to understand that they may not trade with any port in the Mediterranean without my permission?" rejoined the Admiral.

"I have, your highness, and I have also intimated to them that they must pay—pay well—for such license."

"And what reply do they make?"

"They one and all protest against the claim, and declare such a demand was never before made."

"That is no reason why it should not be made now," rejoined the Admiral, laughing. "I will have the tribute, or they shall not sail. Tell them so."

Ugo bowed, and withdrew. Seymour resumed his correspondence, but had not been long so occupied, when his esquire returned.

"Well, are the merchantmen gone?" inquired the Admiral, looking at him.

"Ay, your highness," replied Ugo. "They have each paid fifty marks, which I have deposited in your coffers. They grumbled a good deal at the extortion, as they termed it, but I would not let them have the licenses till they complied."

"Henceforth, no vessel shall carry merchandise out of these dominions without payment of an impost proportionate to the value of the cargo. Be it thy duty to see this regulation strictly enforced."

"Your highness's commands shall be obeyed to the letter. What is to be done with all those goods and rich stuffs taken from the pirates who plundered the Portuguese merchant at the mouth

of the Channel? Application has been made for them by the owner. Are they to be restored to him?"

"I marvel that a man of thy shrewdness and discernment should ask so simple a question, Ugo. Restore the goods! No, by Saint Paul! not any part of them. Help thyself to what thou wilt, and distribute the rest among thy fellows. The taste of spoil will quicken their faculties, and make them eager for more. Send away this Portuguese merchant, and recommend him to be content with his loss. If he complains, threaten him with the Fleet. These pirates are most serviceable to us, and though we may ease them of their booty, we must not put a stop to their trade."

"That reminds me that one of the most daring pirates that ever infested these northern seas, Captain Nicholas Hornbeak, has lately been captured. What will your highness have done with him?"

"Hum! I must consider," replied the Admiral, musing. "Hornbeak is a bold fellow. 'Twould

be a pity to hang him. I must talk with him. Is he in safe custody?"

"He is lodged in the Gatehouse prison, your highness."

"Let him be brought before me to-morrow."

"I see that Captain Hornbeak has a good chance of commanding another crew of desperadoes," observed Ugo.

"All will depend upon himself," rejoined the Admiral. "I have work to do, which men of Hornbeak's stamp can accomplish better than any other. Ere long, I shall be lord of the Scilly Islands, Ugo. They are strong enough by nature, but I mean to make them impregnable. To those islands I design to convey stores and treasure, so that, if driven to extremities, I can retire thither with safety. These pirate vessels will then defend me from attack, and if a rebellion should break out in the land they would materially aid it—if properly directed."

"I begin to comprehend your highness's de-

sign," observed Ugo. "'Tis a terrible conspiracy you are hatching."

"Thou wilt say so, when thou art made acquainted with all its ramifications. I have a strong castle in Denbighshire, Holt, which I design to fortify, and make it another depository of arms and stores. In two months I shall have a dozen counties in my favour. Am I wrong in making provision by the readiest means in my power for the outbreak?"

"Assuredly not, my lord; you are quite right to use any implements that will serve your purpose."

At this juncture an usher entered, and with a respectful obeisance, stated that the Marquis of Dorset was without, and craved a moment's private audience of the Lord Admiral.

"Admit his lordship instantly," said Seymour to the usher. "Retire, Ugo," he added to his esquire, "but wait within the ante-chamber. I

may have need of thee. I can partly guess what brings Dorset hither."

And as his esquire withdrew, the Admiral arose.

"Welcome back to court, my lord," he cried to Dorset; "you have been too long absent from us."

"Not more than a month, my good lord," replied the marquis; "but I am flattered to find that I have been missed. Has his majesty deigned to speak of me during my absence?"

"Very often, my lord; and he has never failed to inquire whether you intended to bring your daughter, the Lady Jane Grey, with you on your return. I trust you have done so."

"My daughter and the marchioness return from Bradgate to-morrow. You delight me by what you tell me respecting his majesty's continued interest in my daughter. I feared he had ceased to think of her."

"As yet, the impression she has made upon his



youthful mind is strong as ever," rejoined Seymour; "but if she had remained away much longer, it might have been effaced. I am rejoiced, therefore, to hear of her speedy return. But pray be seated, marquis. We can talk more at our ease, and I have much to say to you. The time has come for carrying out our arrangement in reference to the guardianship of your daughter. You have not changed your mind upon that score, I presume, but are still willing to resign her to my custody?"

"I am quite willing to fulfil my agreement with you, my Lord Admiral, but are you in a condition to receive her? Your secret marriage with her highness the queen-dowager is not yet acknowledged. Unforeseen difficulties may arise with the council, with the Lord Protector, or even with the king, and till that matter is settled you must excuse some hesitation on my part."

"My marriage with the queen will be formally announced to my royal nephew and the Lord Pro-

lector to-morrow, and you shall have an opportunity, if you desire it, of seeing how the announcement is received. You will then be able to decide as to the policy of committing the Lady Jane to my care."

"Your highness has no fears, then, of the king's displeasure, or of the Lord Protector's anger?"

"I have no fear whatever, marquis. That Somerset will be in a furious passion when he learns the truth, I do not in the least doubt. But what matters that? I am accustomed to his explosions of rage, and treat them with contempt. The matter is past prevention, and must, therefore, be endured."

"You have not yet disclosed the secret to the king, I suppose?" inquired Dorset.

"I have not acquainted him with the marriage, but I have obtained his consent to it, and that amounts to the same thing. His majesty has even been gracious enough to write to the queen-dowager, praying her to listen to my proposals."

"Then there is no fear of displeasure on his part," observed Dorset, laughing. "But are you equally certain of the council?"

"What can the council do?" rejoined Seymour, shrugging his shoulders. "The matter is past repair, as I have just said. They must reconcile themselves to it, as they can. However, I have reason to think that the majority of them are favourable to me. I have sounded Warwick and Russell, and one or two others, and find them well enough disposed."

"What says her majesty's brother, the Earl of Northampton? Have you hinted the matter to him?"

"I have not judged it prudent to do so. But for his sister's sake he will be friendly. Her highness has great influence with him, and will not fail to exercise it at the right moment. Thus you see, marquis, I am perfectly secure."

"I rejoice to find you so confident, Admiral, and trust nothing untoward may occur. But in

regard to my daughter, methinks the aspect of affairs is not quite so promising. The Lord Protector, as I hear, is determined upon enforcing the treaty of marriage proposed by his late majesty between our youthful sovereign and the young Queen of Scotland, and since compliance with his demands has been refused, is about to declare war upon that country."

"Your lordship has been rightly informed. The Duke of Somerset is now actively preparing for an expedition into Scotland, and only awaits the return of Sir Francis Brian, who has been sent to France to secure, if possible, the neutrality of that country. Most assuredly, the expedition will be undertaken, and it is almost equally certain that the Scots will be worsted, and yet the treaty will come to nought."

"How so?" demanded Dorset. "It seems to me, if the treaty be once executed, that it has a good chance of being fulfilled."

"It will not be fulfilled, because the party

principally concerned is averse to it. He will choose a consort for himself, and not be bound by any treaty. Now do you understand, marquis?"

"But he may be overruled, or yield to considerations of state policy."

"Granted; but if I have any influence with him, he will do neither one nor the other."

"Well, my Lord Admiral, you have removed my misgivings. I am with you. Let but your marriage be acknowledged in the king's presence, and my daughter shall be committed to Queen Catherine's care, and her hand left to your disposal."

"The acknowledgment will take place at Seymour House to-morrow, marquis, and you yourself shall witness it, if you list. The king honours me with his presence at a banquet, and the Lord Protector, with the council and many of the nobles, are invited to meet him. I shall make it the

occasion of introducing my royal consort to them."

"'Tis a plan worthy of you," replied Dorset. "I can imagine the scene—the Lord Protector's surprise and indignation, and the embarrassment of the council; but since you have the king with you, all must end satisfactorily. I am much beholden to your lordship for allowing me to be present on so interesting an occasion, and will not fail to attend upon you."

Upon this he arose as if about to take his leave, but after a little hesitation, added, "I was about to put your friendship to a further test, but will delay doing so to a more convenient opportunity."

"No time can be more convenient than the present, *marquis*," said the Admiral, who guessed what was coming. "How can I serve you? Only point out the way."

"You have already lent me five hundred pounds.

I like not to trespass further on your good nature."

"Nay, you confer a favour upon me by enabling me to prove the sincerity of my regard for you, marquis. How much do you need?"

"If I might venture to ask for other five hundred pounds?"

"How, venture? Have I not said that I shall be the person obliged? Are you quite sure that five hundred pounds will suffice?"

"Quite sure. They will amply suffice—for the present," he added to himself.

"Ugo Harrington shall cause the sum to be conveyed to Dorset House," said the Admiral. "I count upon your support to-morrow."

"Not merely to-morrow, but at all other times, my dear lord," rejoined Dorset, bowing and departing.

When he was left alone, Seymour thus gave utterance to his sentiments: "He estimates the

disposal of his daughter's hand at a thousand pounds. He knows not its value. 'Tis worth all Somerset's titles and revenues, and shall make me ruler in his stead."

END OF VOL. II.



C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.



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